



The Treasury of Musick:
 CONTAINING
AYRES
 AND
DIALOGUES
 To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
 OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED
 By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
 in His Publick and Private MUSICK;
 And other Excellent MASTERS.

In Three Books.



L O N D O N,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop
 in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very fond) opinion, That Musick cannot as truly be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Musickall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testifie my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endewor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.



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Fain would I Cloris whom my heart	47	See see, how careless men are grown of late	36
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In the merry Month of May	99		

ADVERTISEMENT.

CHARLES SEXT,
Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the
Folia from 52 to 62 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they
are so very few, small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need only to crave the Judicious to mend with their Pen.

A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

Books for Vocal Musick.

1. Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.
2. Orlando Gibbon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.
3. Dr. Champion's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.
4. Mr. Walter Porter's first Set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.
5. Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo-Lute: Printed 1657.
6. Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.
7. Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Willson, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions: 1659.
8. Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes, viz. his { First Book fol. Printed 1653.
{ Second Book fol. Printed 1655,
{ Third Book fol. Printed 1658.
9. Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.
10. A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
11. An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin, by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
12. The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champion, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.

Books for Instrumental Musick.

1. Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantazies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.
2. Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viol or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor, Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.
3. Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.
4. Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.
5. A Book of New Lessons for the Children and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.
6. The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be played on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.

All sorts of Ruled Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper: Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

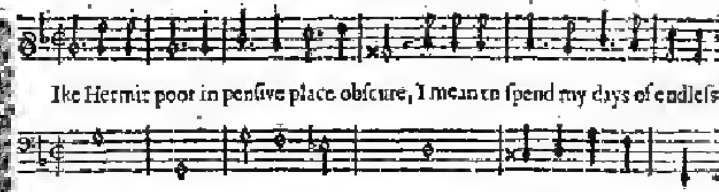
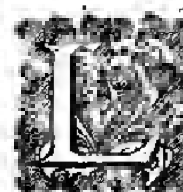
Musick Books shortly to come forth.

A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entituled, *The Violist*, or an Introduction to play Division to a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the Viol, as also the Rudiments of Composition by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered. Written by the most knowing Master of that Instrument, Mr. Christopher Simpson.

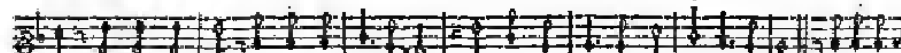
Also a Book for the *Virginal*, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Toys, and Jigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

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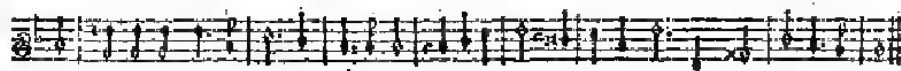
A Lovers Melancholy Repose.



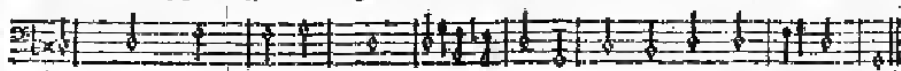
The Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I meant to spend my days of endless



doubt to wait such woes as time cannot recture, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gates despair that linger still, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune wil.



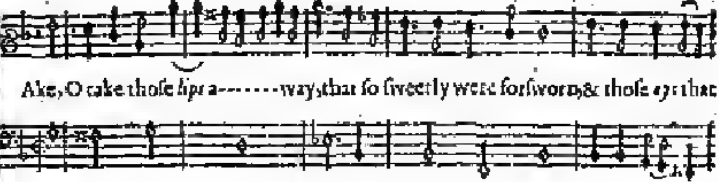
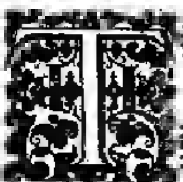
Mr. Nich. Lanard.

A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll Ray,
Of late repentance linkt with long desire.
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay,
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink thought ebbe but reate full from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise,
And at my gates,

Loves ingratitude.

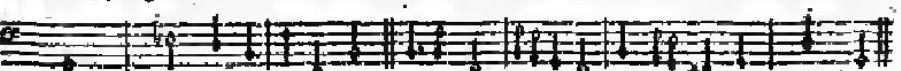
and by Shakespeare



Ake, O take those lips a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworne, & those eyes that



break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.



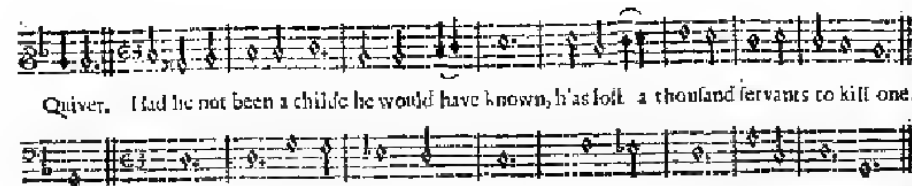
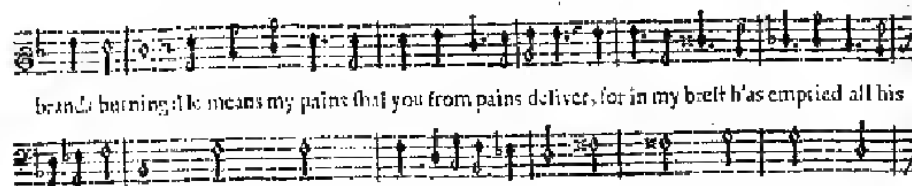
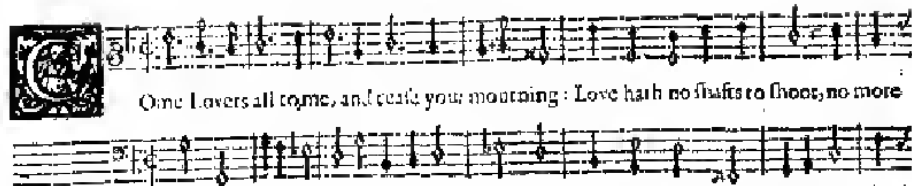
Dr. Willson;

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome bears;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of those that April wears:
But first let my poor heart free,
Bound in thole icy Chaines by thee.

A. B. sh.

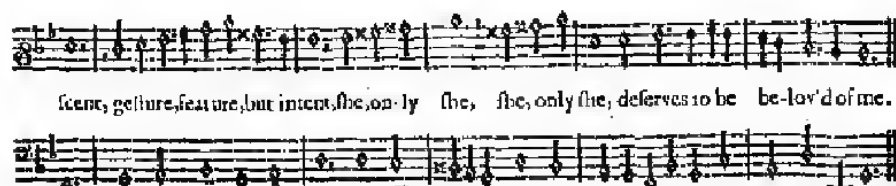
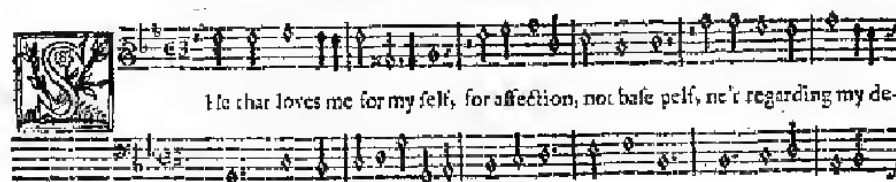
[2]

Cupid's weak Artillery.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.



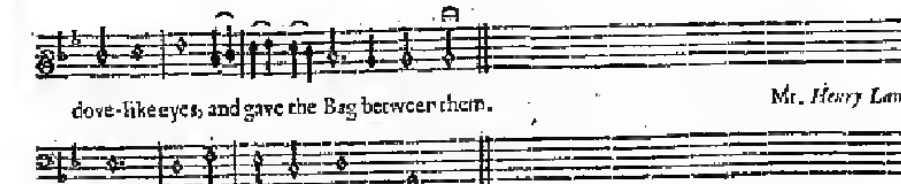
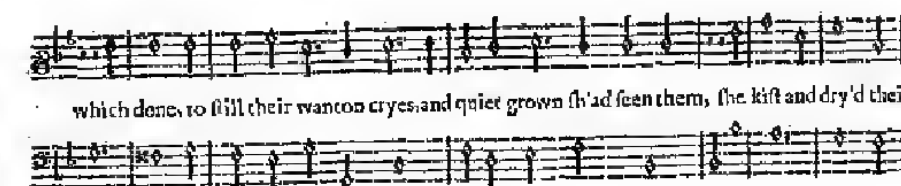
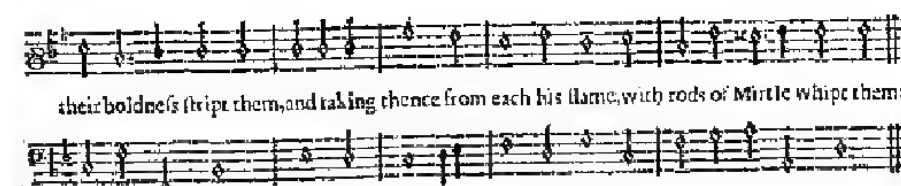
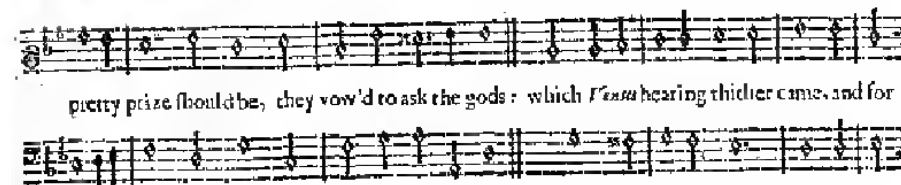
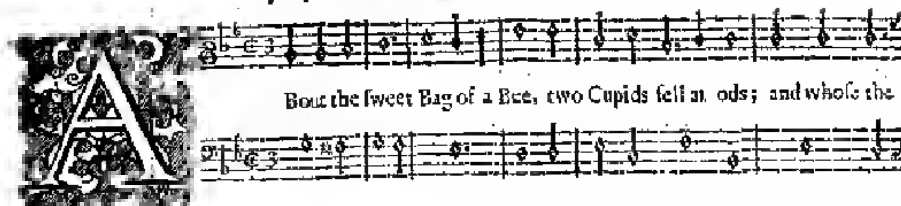
Mr. William Web.

She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend;
Neser doubting my desire,
But believ'd in sacred fire;
She only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve
Ne'r to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that seem false
May hereafter seem to threat;
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

[3]

A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.

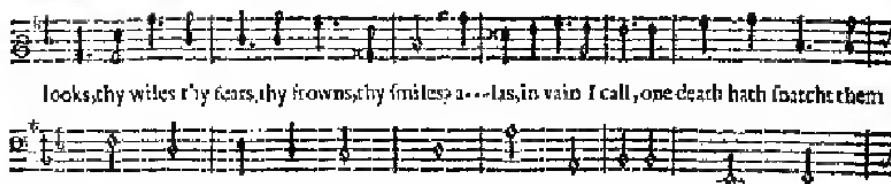


Mr. Henry Lawes.

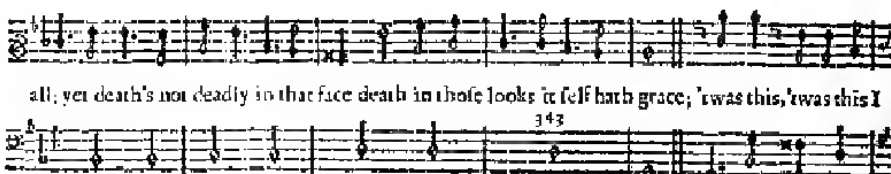
Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



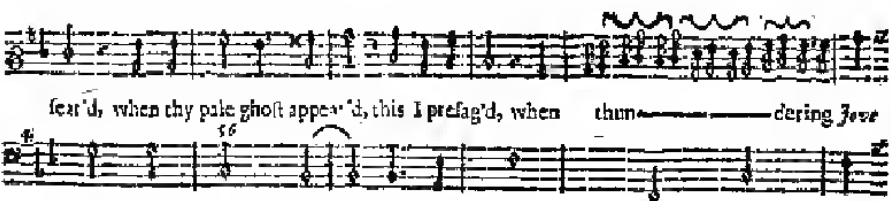
Ake my Adonis, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



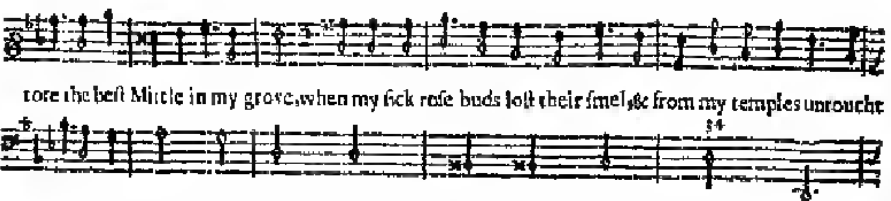
looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles; alas, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



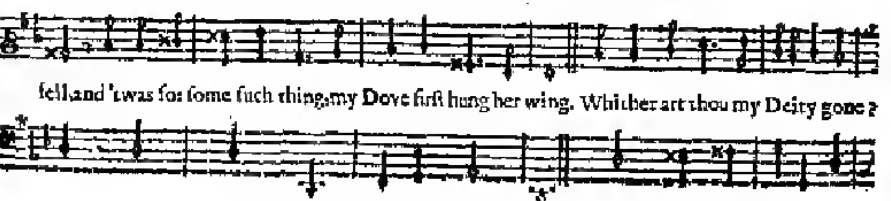
all; yet death's not deadly in that face death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I



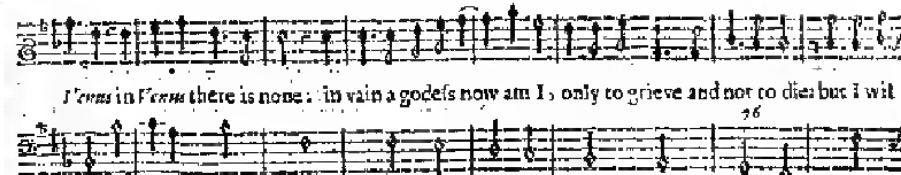
fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I prefag'd, when thou—daring Jove



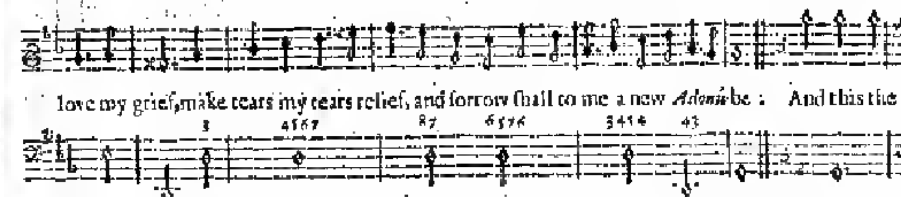
rore the best Mistle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell; & from my temples unrout



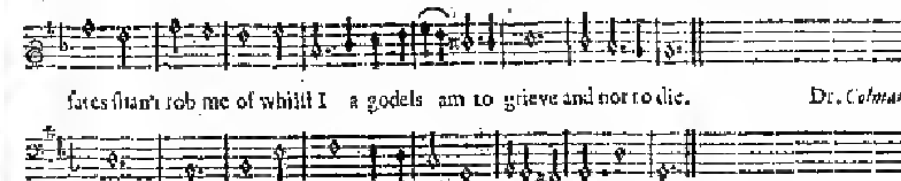
tell and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?



I Venus in Venus there is none: in vain a goddess now am I, only to grieve and not to die; but I will



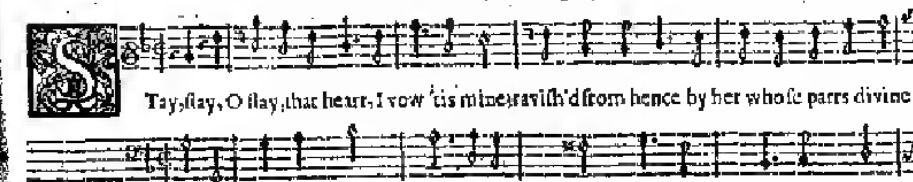
love my grief, make tears my tears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new Adonis be: And this the



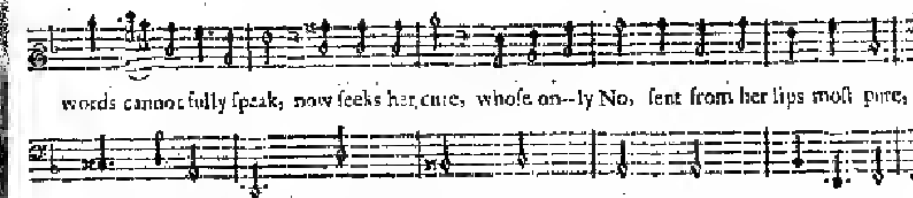
fates shall rob me of whilst I a goddess am to grieve and not to die.

Dr. Colman.

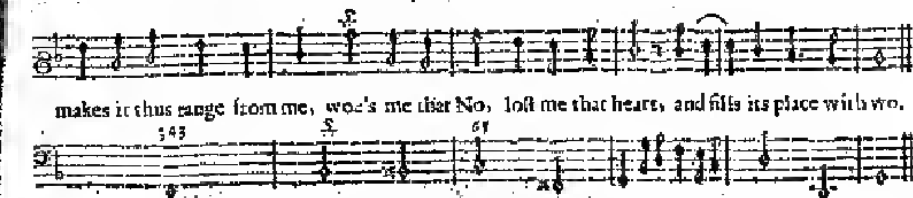
To his Love Answering No.



Tay, stay, O stay, that heart, I vow 'tis mine; ravish'd from hence by her whose parrs divine;



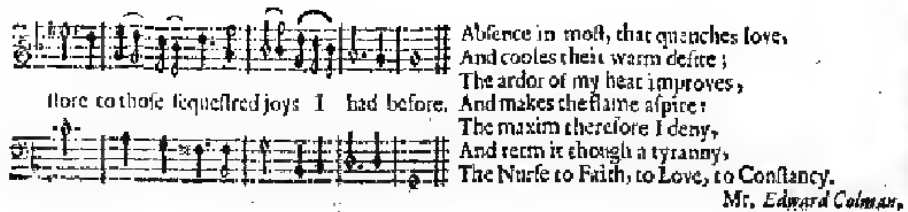
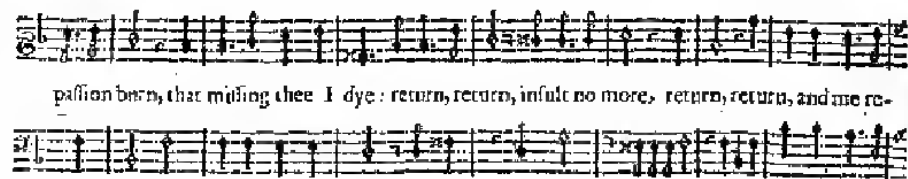
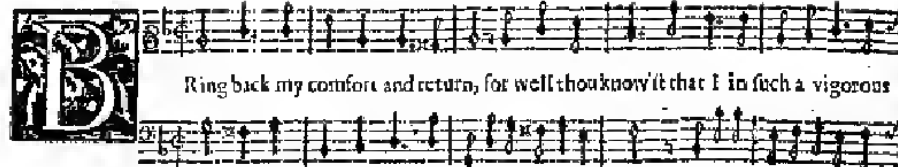
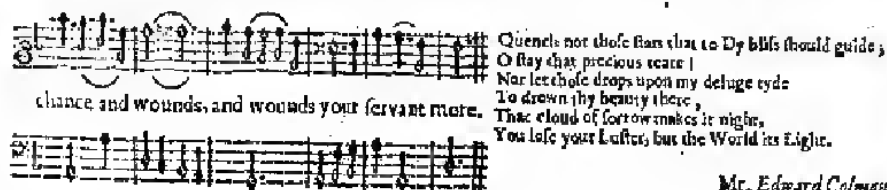
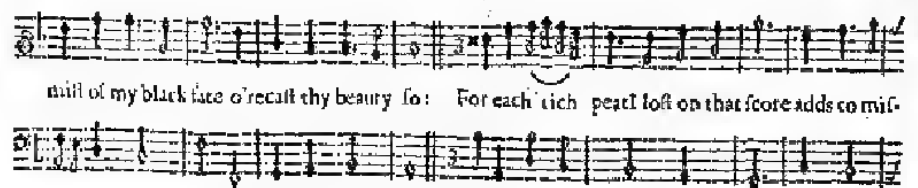
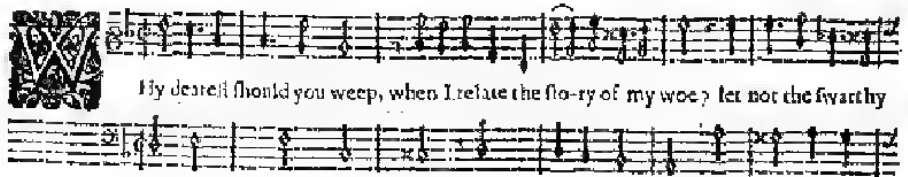
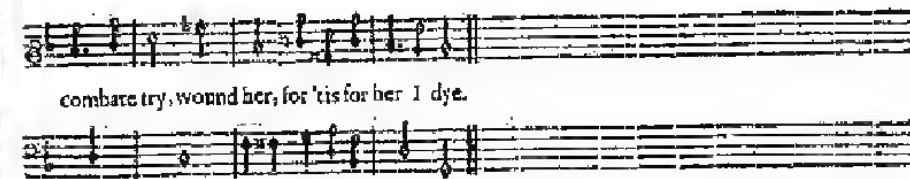
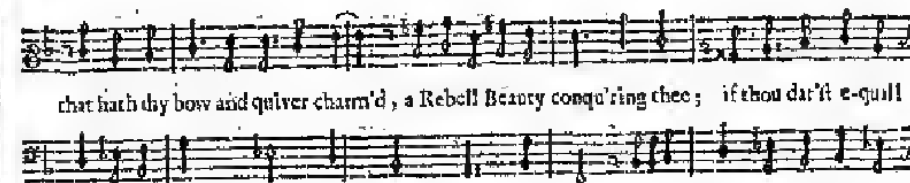
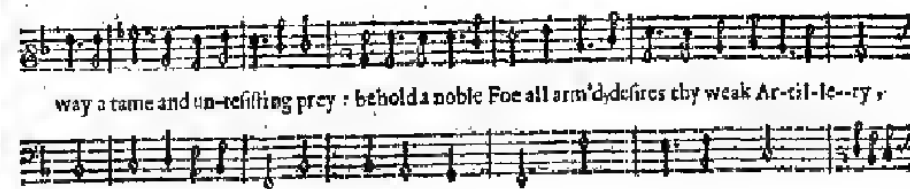
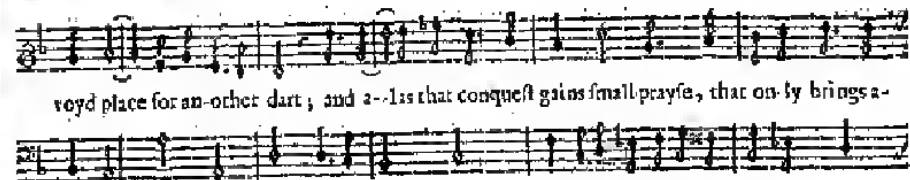
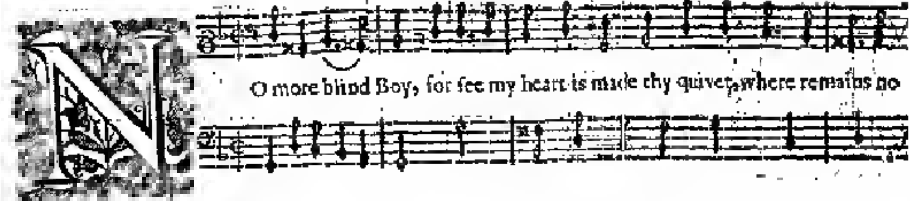
words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on—ly No, sent from her lips most pure,



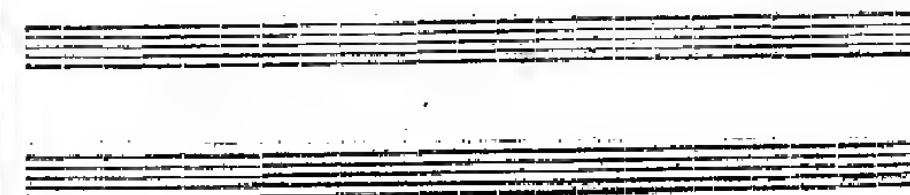
makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.

O hold it fast, I come per lee to fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;
Perhaps the may relent, and with one yea
Give us a second life, trouble our blide
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd mine eyes,
Since thou art lost, I'll live but in thy face.

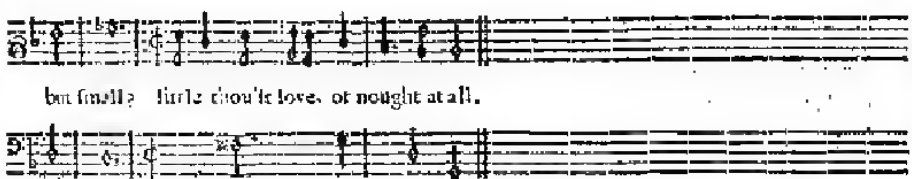
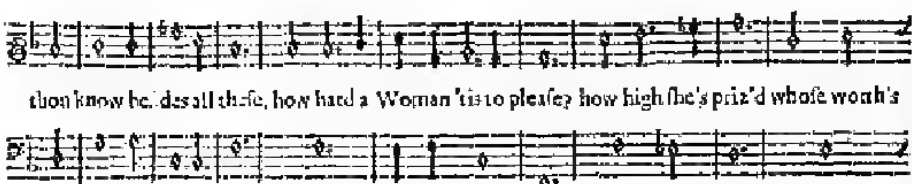
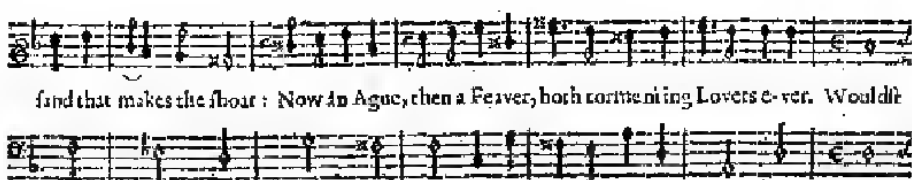
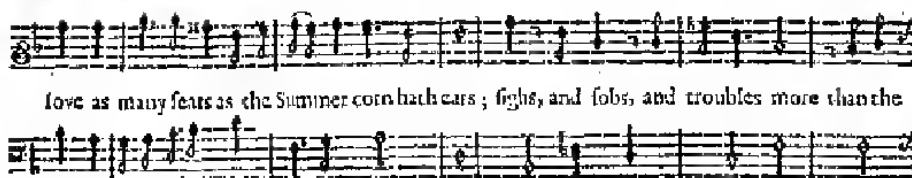
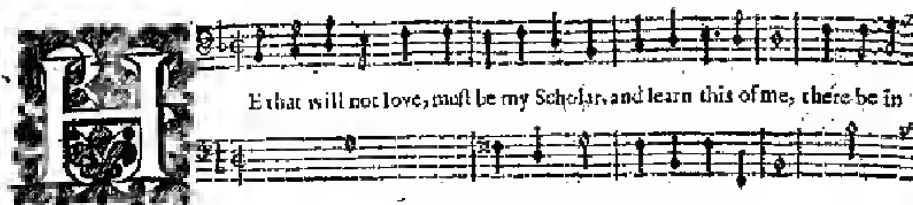
Dr. Colman.

On his Loves Absence.*Beauty clouded with grief.**On Loves Artillery.*

Mr. Jeremy Savil.

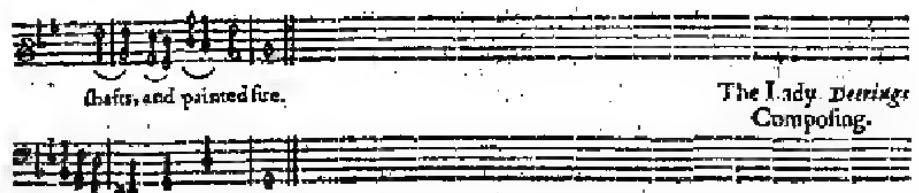
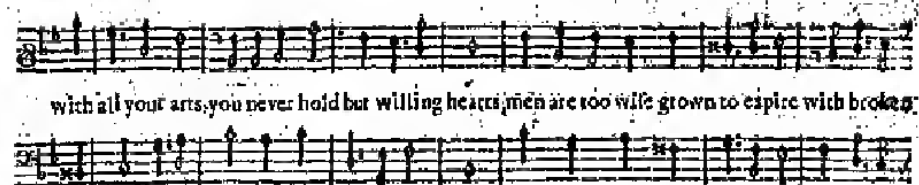
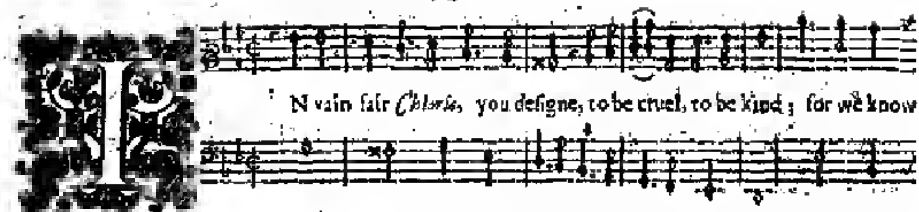


On the Vicissitudes of Love.



Mr. William Lawes.

A false designe to be cruel.

The Lady Deeringe
Composing.

II.

And if among a thousand Swains
Some one of Love, or Fate complains;
And all the stars in heav'n descry,
With *Cloris*'s lip, or *Celia*'s eye:
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,
But the glory to refuse.

III.

Then wisely make your prize of those
Want wit, or courage to oppose;
But tempt me not that can discover
What will redeem the fondest Lover:
And flee the list, lest it appear
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

IV.

So the rude wave securely shocks
The yeelding Bark, but the stiff rocks
If it attempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakness, and its pride.

Constancy in Love.

M Is not it' pow'r of all thy scorn or un-renting hate, to quench my
 flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever
 court disdain; and though you ne'r prove lesse severe, He dote up on my pain.

(2) Yes meaner beauties cannot claime
 In Love this tyranny,
 They must pretend an equal flame,
 Or else our passions die:
 You faire *Clayda* you alone
 Are priz'd as such a rare,
 To have a Votary of one
 Whom you do reprobate.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Inconstancy.

Mistake me not, I am as cold as hore: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hore:
 Although my tongue betray my heart ere night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.

II. Sometime I burn, and straight to Ice I turn,
 That's nothing so unconstant as my mind,
 I charge ♩ ♩ with every wind.

III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
 But 'twas no more, then what was long before
 I lov'd ♩ ♩ to twenty more.

IV. Then prethee see, thou giv'st no heed to me,
 For when I cannot keep my word a day,
 What hope ♩ ♩ hadst thou to stay.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

On Womens Inconstancy.

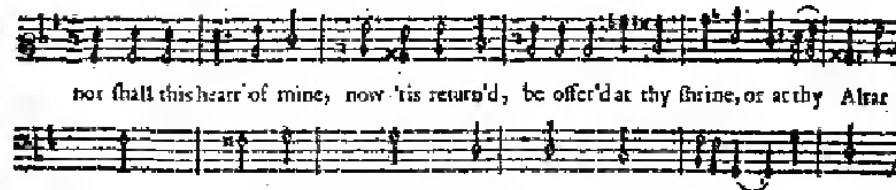
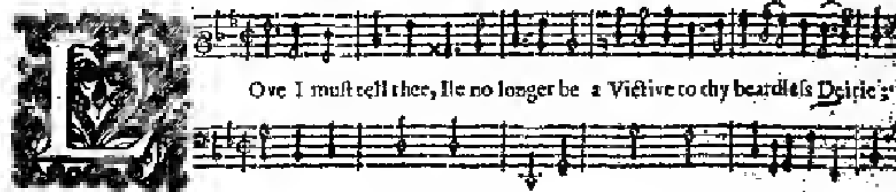
Catch me a Star that's fal-ling from the Skie, Cause to Immortal
 creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas, Perce the earths Center

to th' Antipodies; Cause Time return, and call back Yesterday, Cloath *Jannuary* like the
 month of *May*; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hast thou found

Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

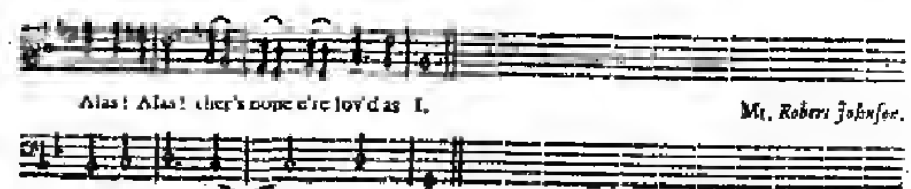
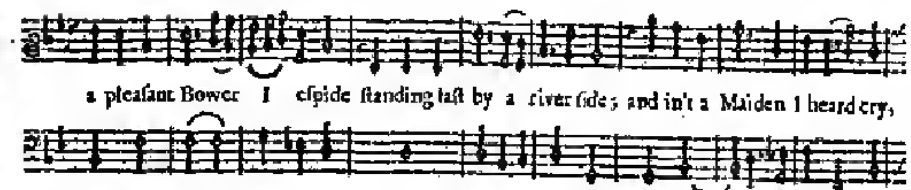
A Resolution not to Love.

II.

There's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
Nor do's Love wound, but we imagine so:
Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,
'Tis the poor masculine sect: women no forrow find.
'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,
Nor is 'em's worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

III.

Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,
Our fellow Creatures shan't be deified:
He now a Rebel be, and so pull down
That distastefull Hierarchy and females fanc'd crown,
In these unbridled times who will not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative.

A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.

II.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Herb all blew.
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

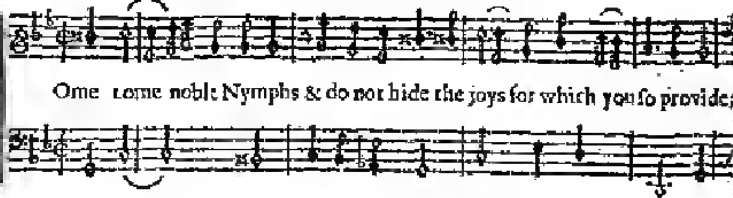
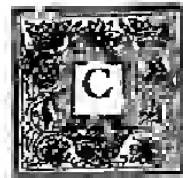
III.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands.
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
The Flowers wet the Pillow for her head:
Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

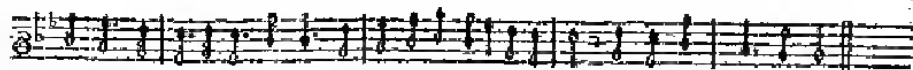
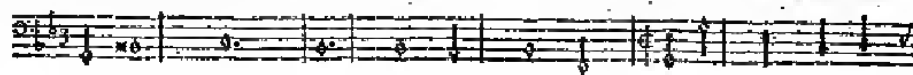
At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.



Ome come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you so provide;



If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confess



by what we see, so curious parts of Pallas, and Arachnes Arts, that you could mean no less.



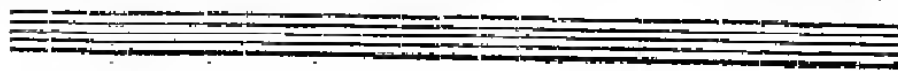
II.

Mt. William Webb.

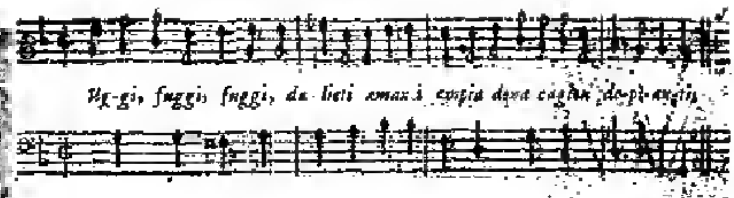
Why do you were the Silk-worms toyls?
Or glory in the Shel-fish spoils?
Or strive to shew the grains of Ore
That you have gathered long before?
Whereof to make a Stock
To graft the greener Emrauld on,
Or any better water'd Stone,
Or Ruby of the Rock.

III.

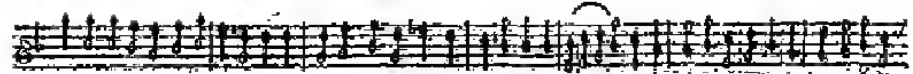
Why do you smell of Amber-greece,
Whereof was formed *Neptunus* Neece,
The Queen of Love? unless you can
Like Sea-born *Venus*, love a man?
Try, put your selves upo't:
Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;
Ambrosian hands, and Silver-feet,
Do promise you will do't.



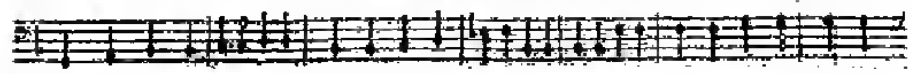
An Italian Ayre.



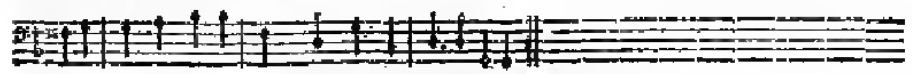
U-gi, fuggi fuggi, da lieti amari copia d'ora c'agita, do-pi-avvi.



Che mangia per essere Cradela ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core c'ha n'horrore, fuggi, fuggi,

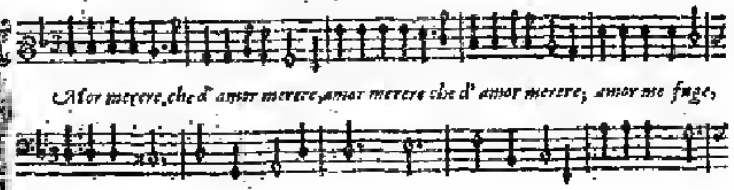


fuggi, che chi mira perche viv' pe-ange e fa pira,

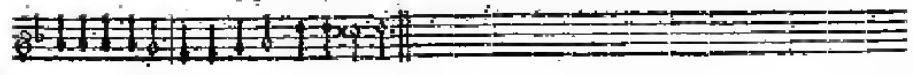


*Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera
Frede in fernalte empia m'gera
Che se bene hai di donna l'aspetto
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
Tua danno tutti inganno
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ognun che l'ama
Il tuo ben giunge, e il tuo mal brama.*

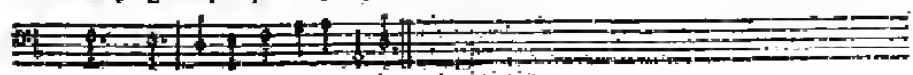
A French Ayre.



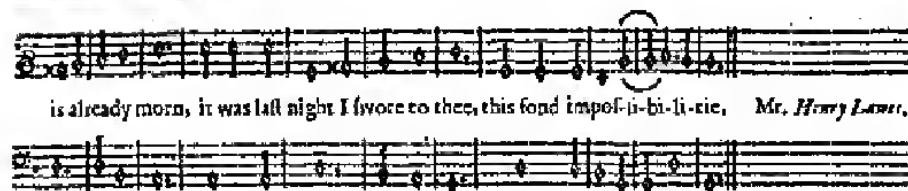
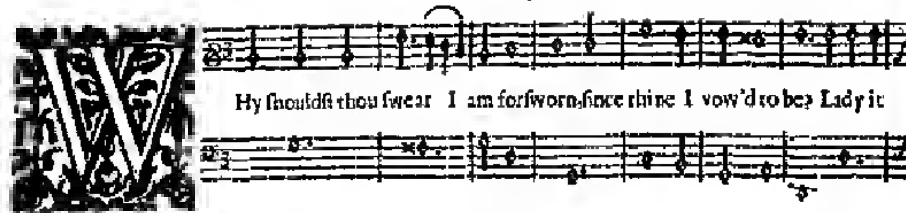
Ahor me dire, che d'amar me dire, amar me dire che d'amar me dire, amor me fuge,



amor me fuge, non poi a pae, non poi a pae,



Loves Scrutiny.

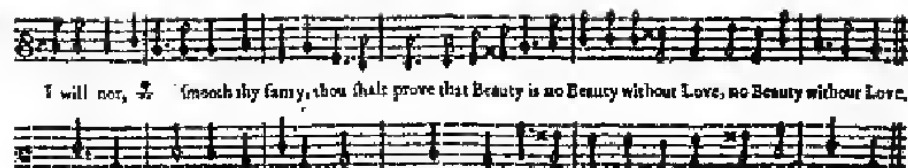
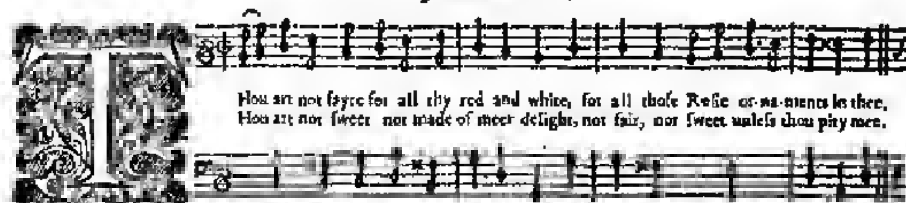


I I.
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours space?
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.
Not that all joys in thy brown hair
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the fair,
Like skillfull Miners, till I find
For treasures in untrodd ground.

IV.
Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleasant foe,
In spite of mine Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n fastid with variety.

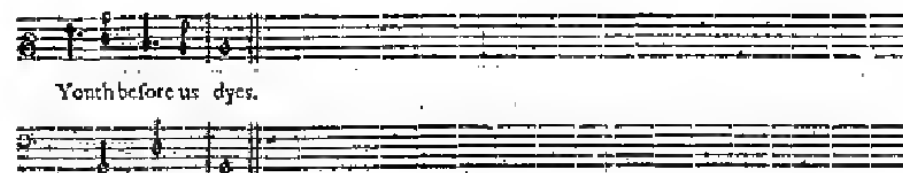
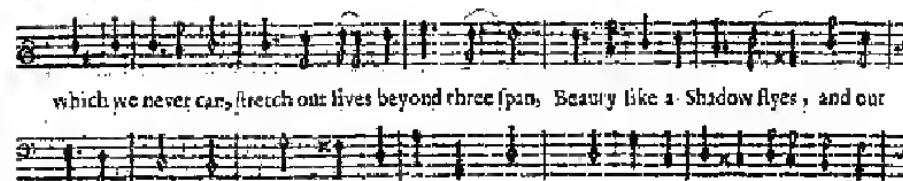
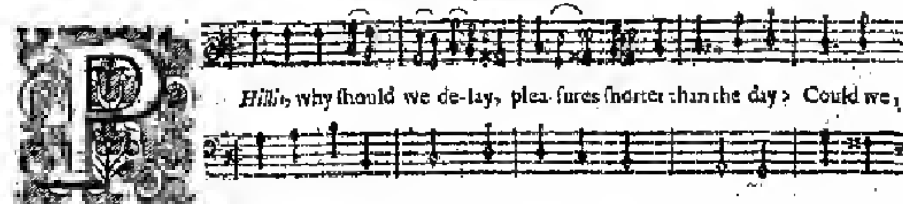
No Beauty without Love.



II.
Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
He not be wrapt up in those armes of thine,
Now then if thou be a woman right,
Embrace, and kiss, and love me in despite.

Mr. Nich. Lanier.

Delays in Love breeds Danger.

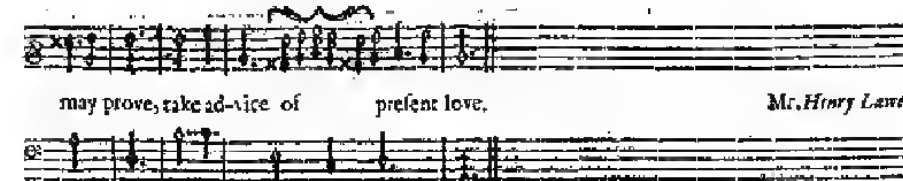
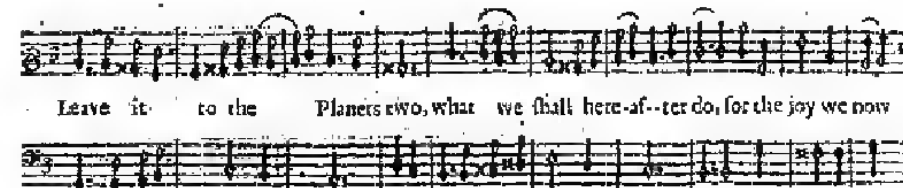


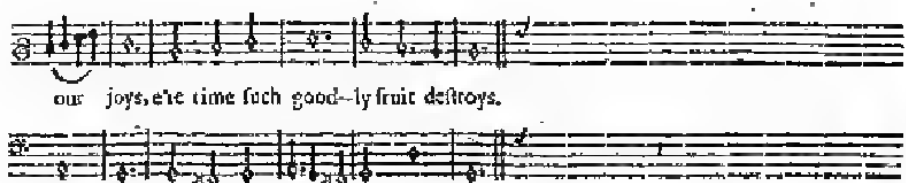
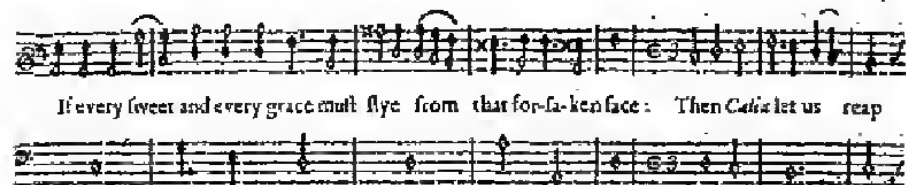
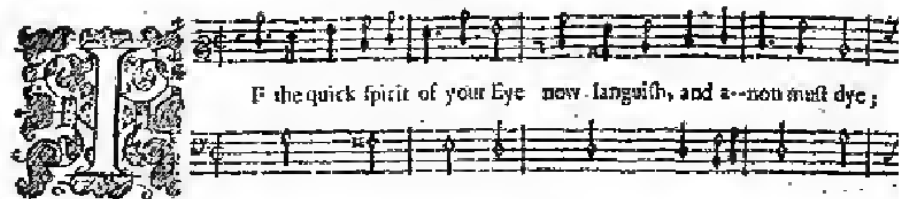
II.

III.

Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's wicker wings than time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

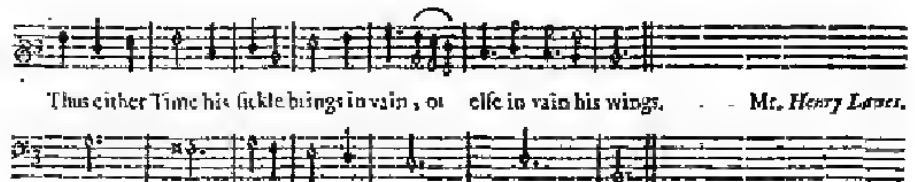
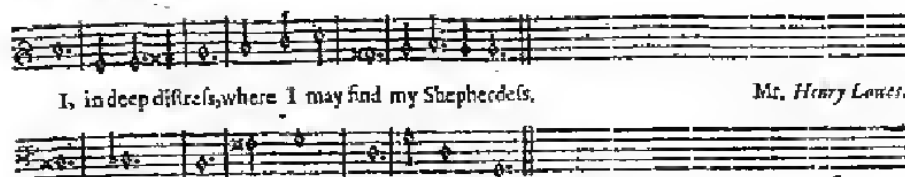
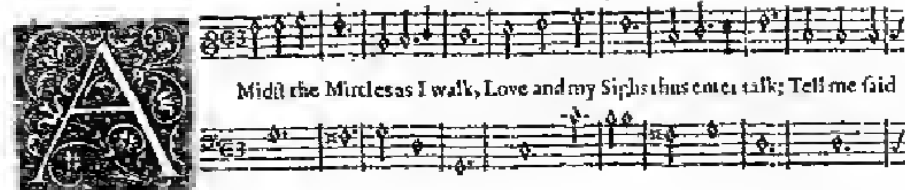
Phillis, to this truth we owe:
All the love betwix us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire,
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.



On Calia's Coyneffe.

II.

Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow;
If those bright Snes must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;
Then Calia feare not to bellow,
What still being gather'd, still must grow.

*Loves sweet Repose.*

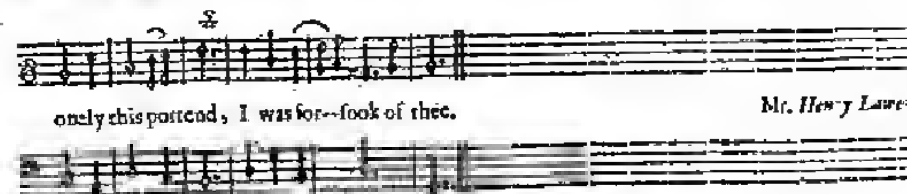
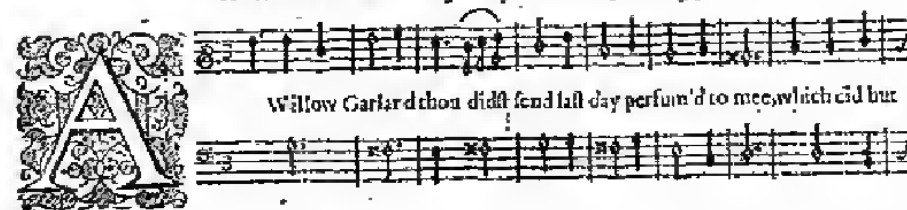
Then Fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is,
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

In that in-meld'd Fancy by
There shalt thou find her curious Eyes,
In bloom of Peach, in Rofes bed
There weave the streams of her blond.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon,
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stop, said Love, these bee
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do these Flowers when knit together.

A Willow Garland sent for a Newyears-gift.

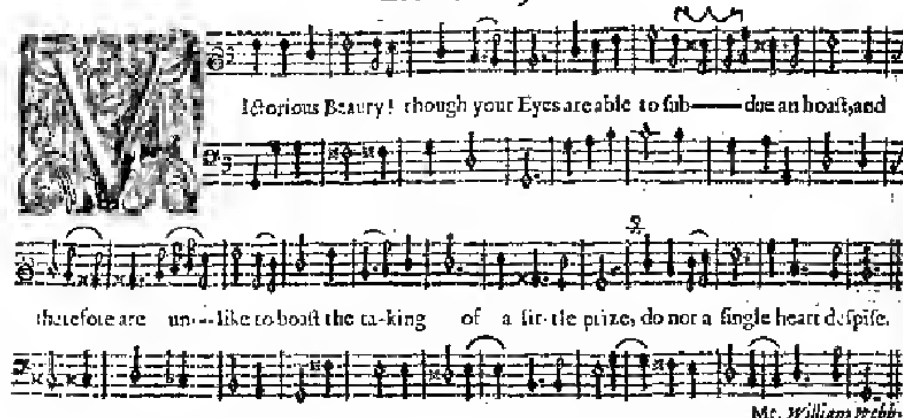
II.

Since that it is, I'll tell the whar,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

III.

As Beasts unto the Altar go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die.

Loves Victory.



I glorious Beauty! though your Eyes are able to sub—due an host, and

therefore are un—like to boast the taking of a little prize, do not a single heart despise.

Mr. Williams & Webb.

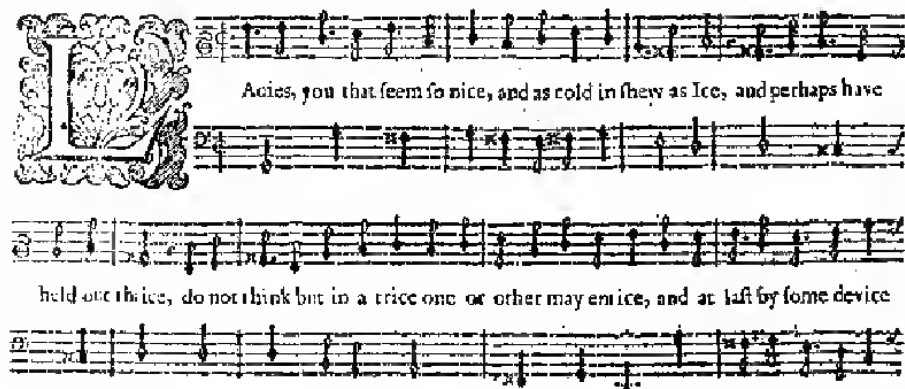
I. I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love I durst have sworn
That as that privy coat was worn,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
That by I might have it ap'd unarm'd.

IV. But neither steel nor stony blasse
Are proofs against those looks of thine,
Nor can a beauty tell's divine,
By any heart be long posses'd,
Where you intend an interest.

III. The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small! but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divid'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victory.

V. And such a one as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,
Though you have stole my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

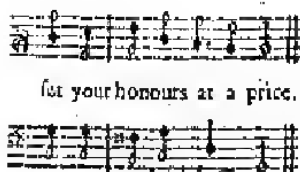
Disuasion from Presumption.



Acies, you that seem so nice, and as cold in shew as Ice, and perhaps have

held out thine, do not think but in a trice one or other may enice, and at last by some device

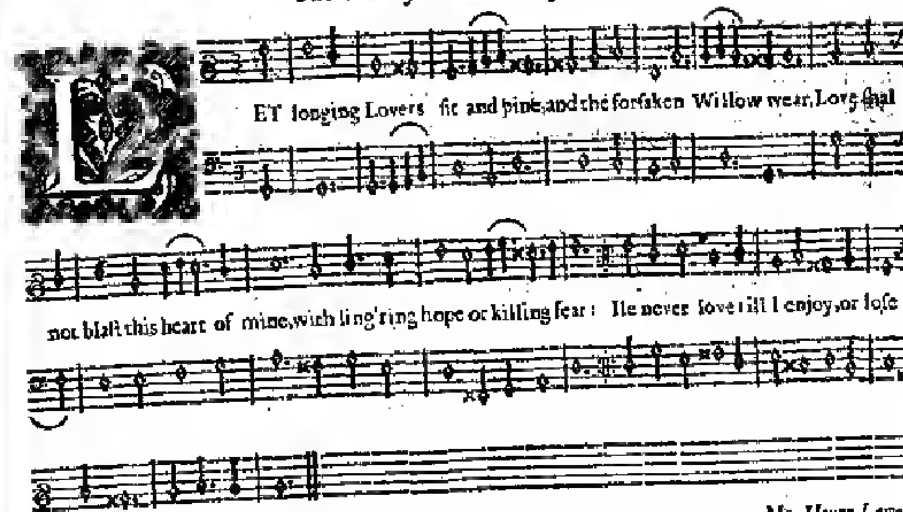
Mr. Henry Lawes.



for your honours at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skin,
Rose lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet insult nor sparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

The Careless Lovers Resolution.



ET longing Lovers sit and pine, and the forsaken Willow wear, Love shall

not blast this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing fear: He never love till I enjoy, or lose

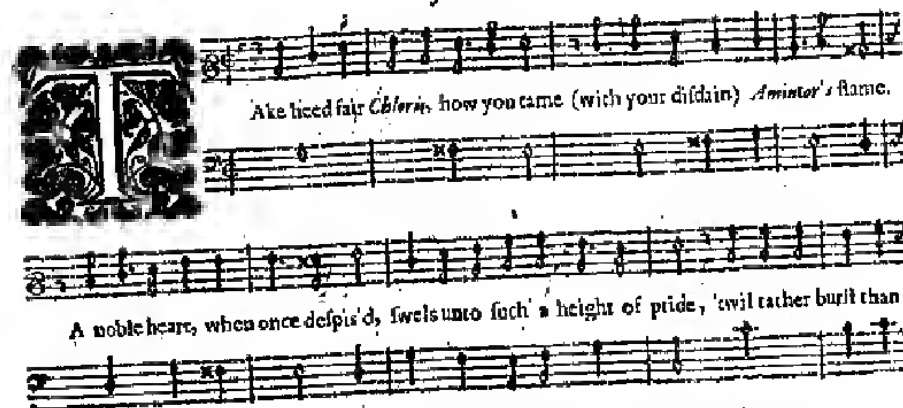
my time on her that's coy.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their Colours there display,
Alas! they needs must to us yield,
Since we are better arm'd than they:
Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are born Masculine.

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound, unless you please;
And he that pines because she's coy,
Wants wit, or courage, women lay.

Disdain.

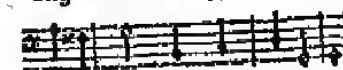


Ake lice'd fair Chloë, how you tame (with your disdain) Amator's flame.

A noble heart, when once despis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twil rather burst than

II. You may use, common shepherds so,
My flames at last so forms will grow
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
Will blast all I have magnify'd:
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

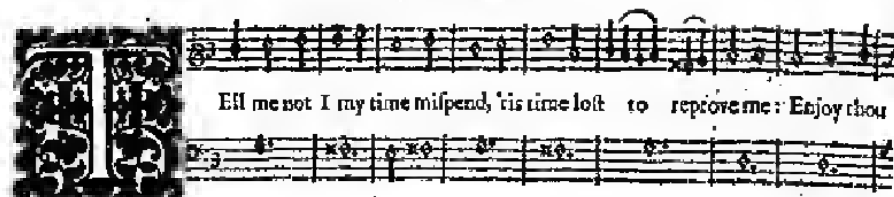
design to be a worshipper of cruelty.



III. O do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden flower when as you sleep;
Oh for the tales ambition tells,
For sake the house where honor dwells,
In Demons palace you'll not shine
So bright as in these arms of mine.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves Fruition.



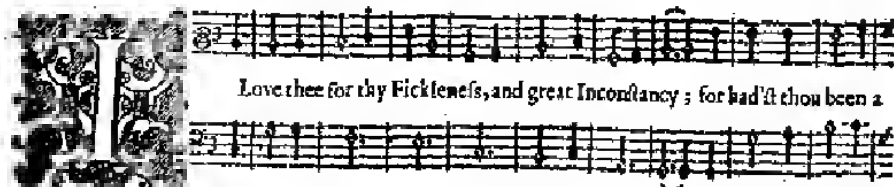
Tell me not others flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
That more abound with Milk and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

For pry thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'll ne'r envy thine.

Try other easier eares with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He never feels the Worlds disease,
That cares not for her Glories,

Not blame whoever blames my wit,
That seeks no higher prize
Then in *Chloris* shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

Loves Drollery.



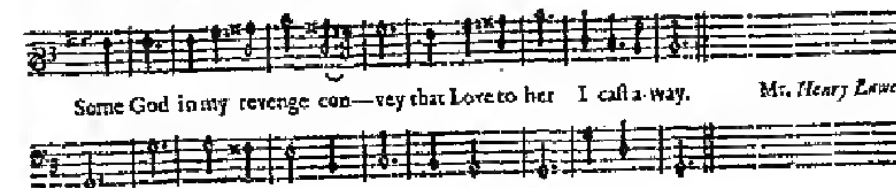
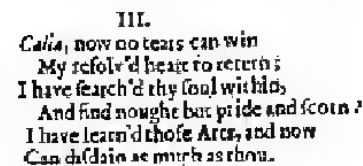
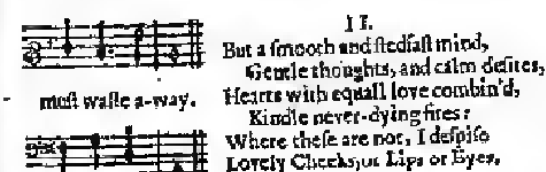
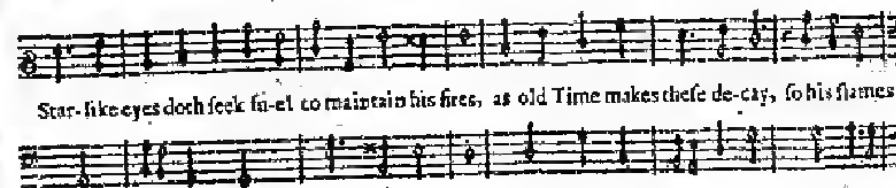
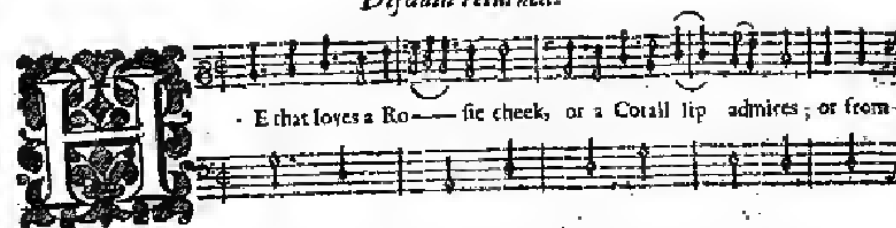
I love thee for thy Wantonnesse,
And for thy Drollerie;
For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of Coyne;
For if thou had'st been worth a Great,
Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

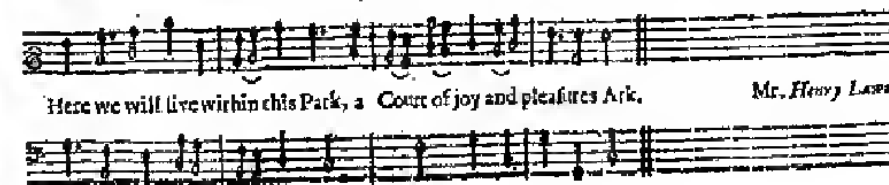
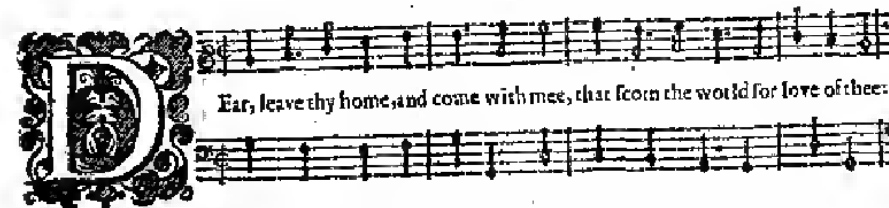
I love thee for thy Uglynesse,
And for thy foolerie;
For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my money;
He part with all the wealth I have,
To enjoy a Lais so Bonny.

Disdain returned.



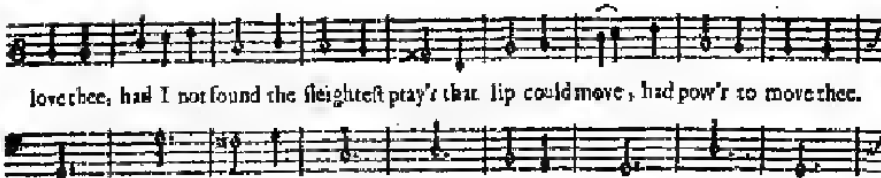
Loves Content.



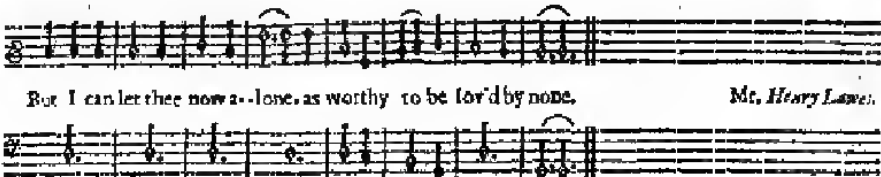
To his Forsaken Mistress.



Do confels th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gon near to



lover thee, had I not found the sleightest play's that lip could move, had pow'r to move thee.



But I can let thee now a-lone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

I do confels th'art sweet, yet find
Thee such an Unthrift of thy Sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which killeth ev'ry thing it meets:
And since thou canst with more than one,
Th'art worthy to be kiss'd by none.

III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells!
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But Sent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from her one by one.

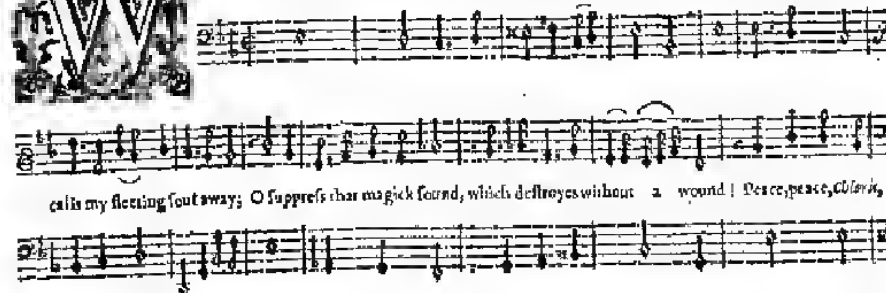
IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee betide,
When thou halt huddled been a while,
With fear Flow'rs to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh when some will smile,
To see thy love to ev'ry one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

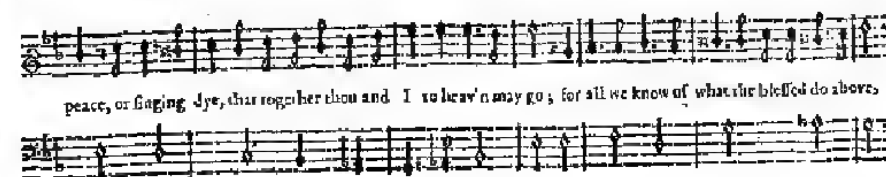
To a Lady singing.



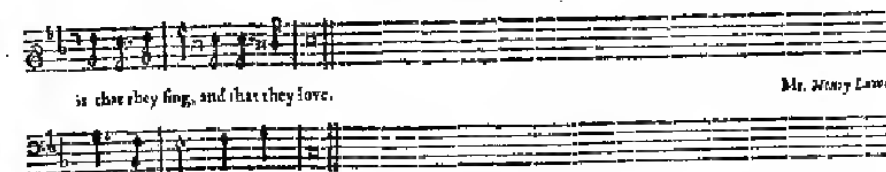
While I list—on to thy voice, *Chorus*, I feel my life de—say, that pow'rful noise



calls my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which destroys without a wound! Peace, peace, *Chorus*,



peace, or singing dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed do above,



is that they sing, and that they love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

On a Bleeding Lover.



Lover once I did spy, with bleeding heart and weeping eye, he wept and cry'd, I know



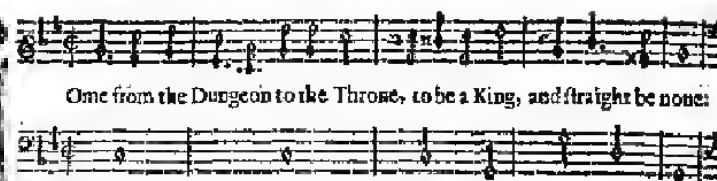
great's his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

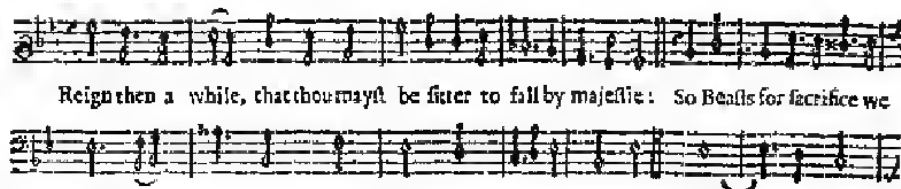
II.
Can there (says he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Than let me dye, which I do indure,
Since the wants charity to cure.

III.
Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To with the sad cur'd, and with in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

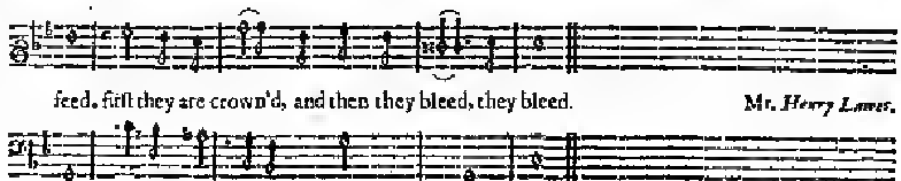
Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.



One from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and straight be none:



Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majesty: So Beasts for sacrifice we



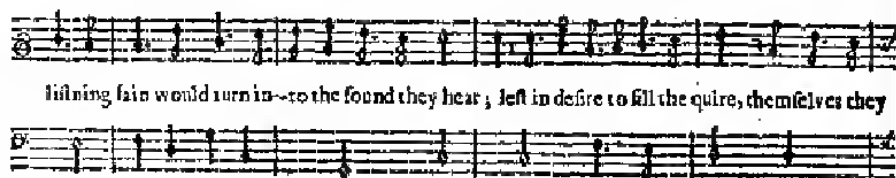
feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

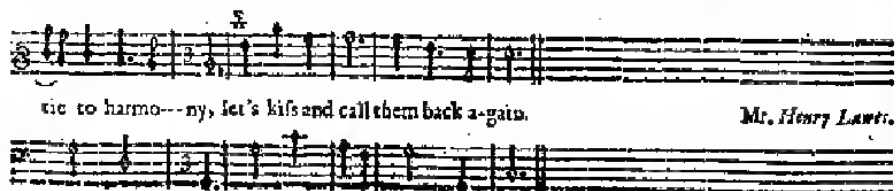
Love and Musick.



One my Sweet, whilst ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



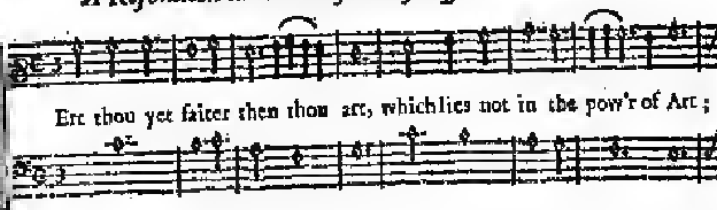
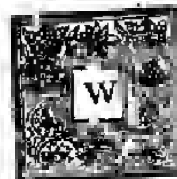
listening fain would turn in--to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



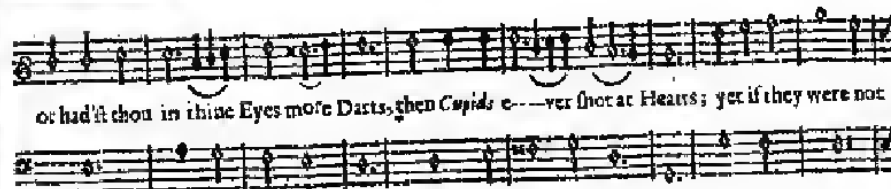
tie to harmo---ny, let's kiss and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

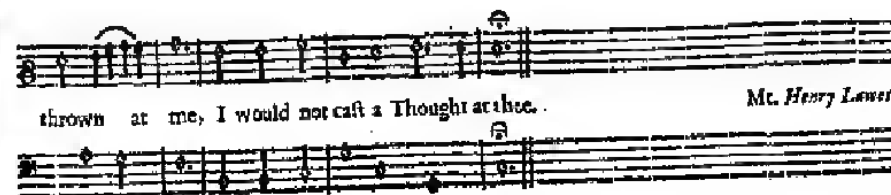
A Resolution in choice of a Mistrresse.



Err thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art;



or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then Cupids e---ver shot at Hearts; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

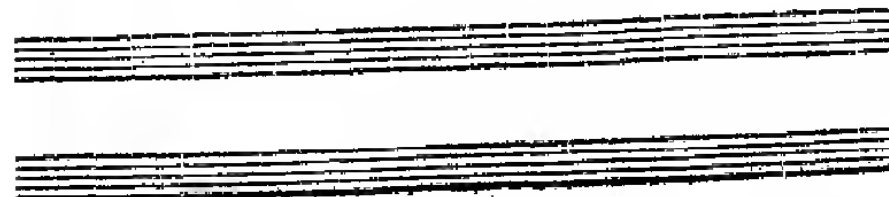
Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

I'de rather marry a disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please:
She that would cherish my desires
Must court my flames with equal fires:
What pleasure is there in a Kiss
To him that doubts the Heart's not his?

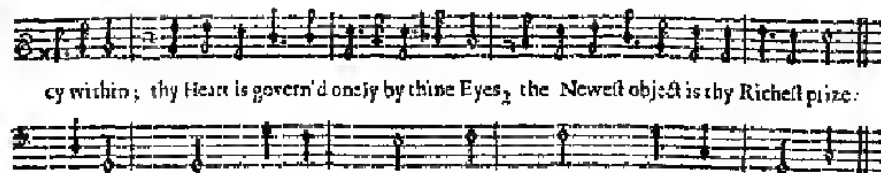
III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air;
Not for the Cupid that do lye
In either corner of thine Eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.

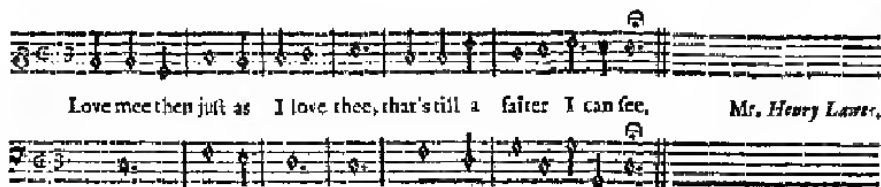


Inconstancy in Love.

O love thee without Flattery were a Sin, since thou art all Inconstan-



cy within; thy Heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes, the Newest object is thy Richest prize:



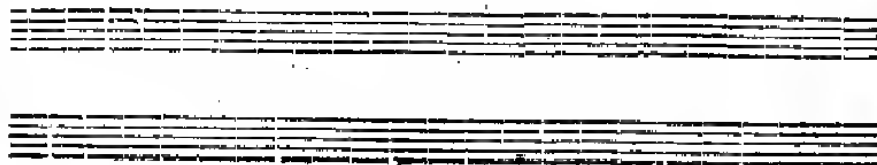
Love mee then just as I love thee, that's still a fairer I can see, *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

II.

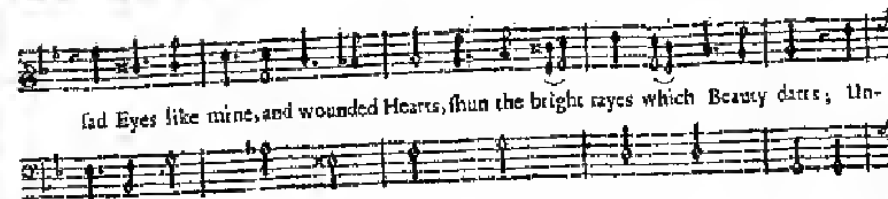
My thoughts are now at liberty, and can
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;
I never will hereafter think in strange
To see thee please thy Appetite with change:
No! love me just as I love thee,
That's still a fairer I can see.

III.

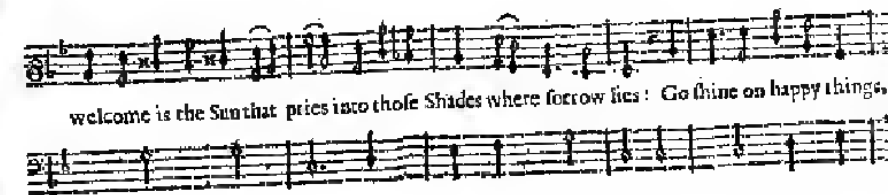
I hate this constant doting on a Face,
Content we're dwell a Week in any place,
Why, then should you and I love one another
Longer then we can be content together?
Love mee then just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see.

*Discontent:*

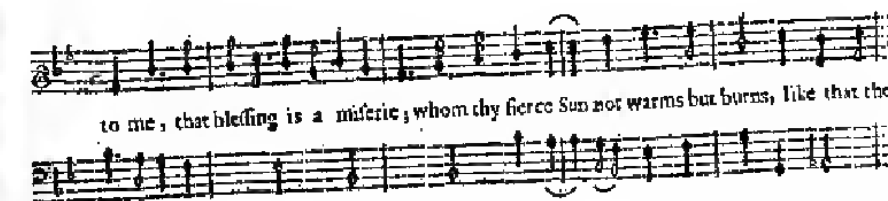
Præhee turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights the day,



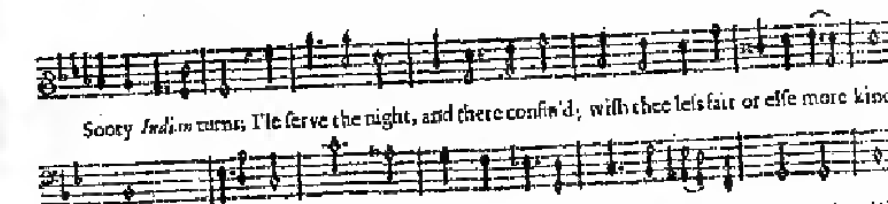
sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays which Beauty darts; Un-



welcome is the Sun that pries into those Shades where sorrow lies: Go shine on happy things,

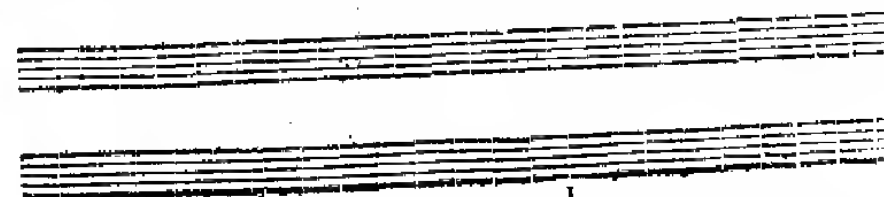


to me, that blessing is a miserie, whom thy fierce Sun not warms but burns, like that the

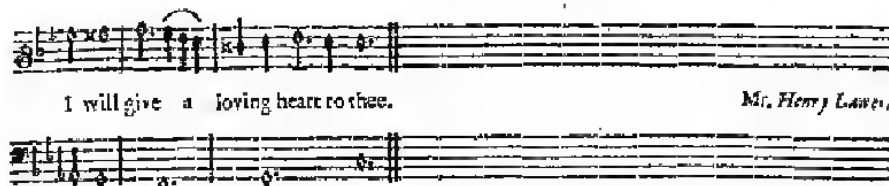
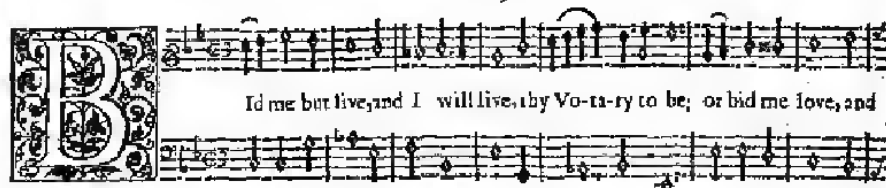


Sooty Indi in turns; I'll serve the night, and there confin'd, with thee less fair or esse more kind.

Dr. John Wilkin.

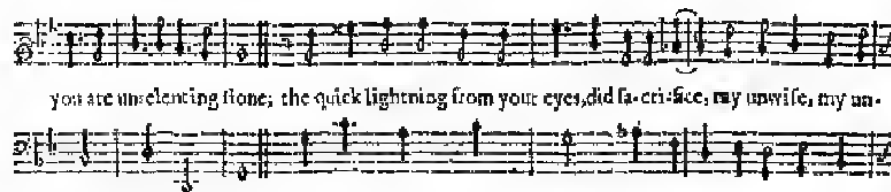
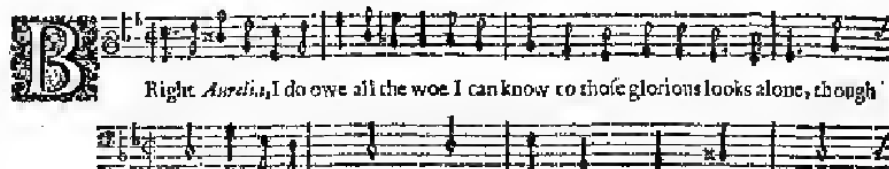


Loves Votary.

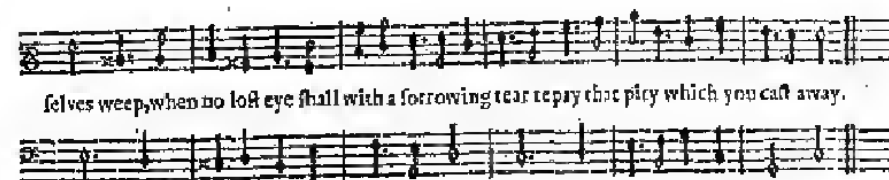
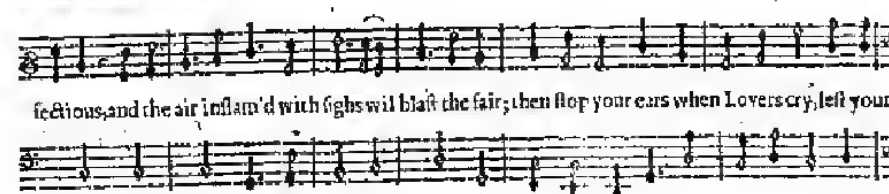
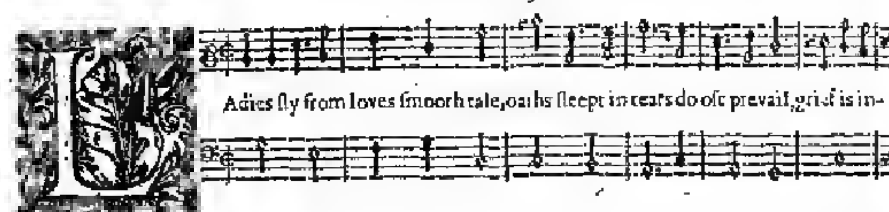


A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free
As in the world thou canst not find; that heart I'll give to thee.
Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.
Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do for thee.
Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of rose,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

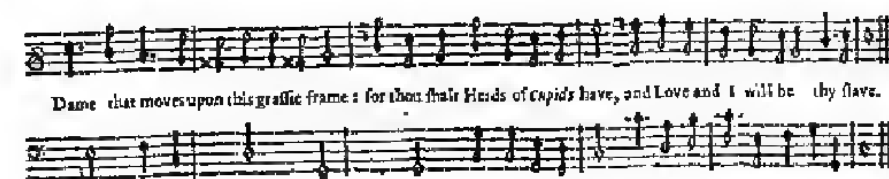
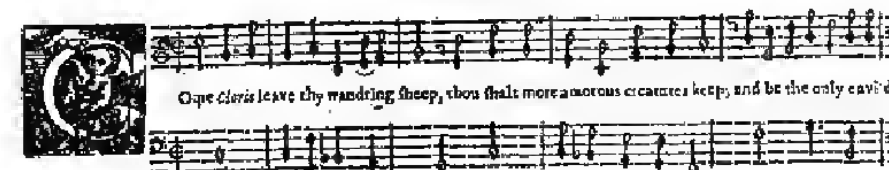
To Aurelia.



Loves Flattery.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

To Chloris.

*Mr. Henry Lawes.*

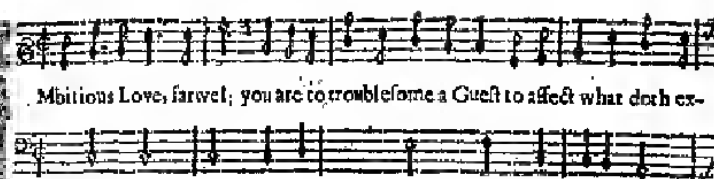
II.

Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Pawns,
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns
To wait on *Chloris*, and adore
To wait on *Chloris*, and adore
These cythereas, now no more
The name of *Chloris* shall create
A fortitude in every state.

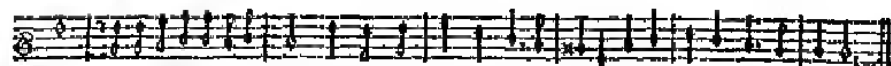
III.

In yonder Mistle grove wee'll dwell
With more content then songes can tell,
Where hungry Moles shall not assaile
Thy tender Lambs or thee by Night:
There we the warren sheeves will play
And steal each others hearts away.

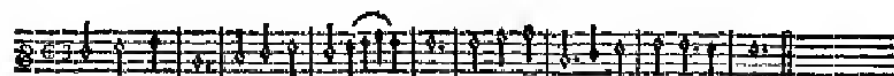
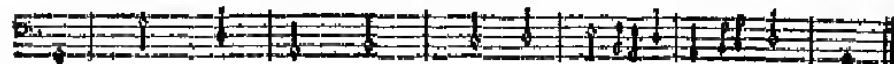
Seeming Coyneſs.



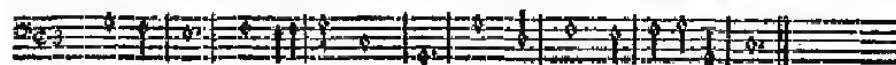
Ambitious Love, farwel; you are to trouble ſome a Guest to affect what doth ex-



cell; and to beever at a Feaſt: is not the cheapeſt freeſt diet, leſs in joy and leſs in quiet:



Be proud who liſt Fetters of Gold to wear, I like no tedious ceremonious cheer.



II.

I'll take ſuch as I find,
So it be good, and handſome deſt,
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,
To a good appetite is beſt.
If your Uſage do not pleaſe you,
Change is near you Change will eaſe you:
Tempeſt and Feaſts the wiſeſt diſaſſect,
Let it ſuffice you find no diſreſpect.

Dr. Charls Colman.

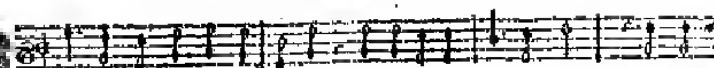
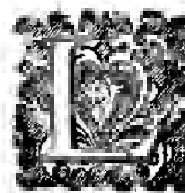
III.

Seek not the highſt place,
The loweſt commonly is moſt free
Leſs ſubject to diſgrace,
Others eyes, or your jealousies.
Bold Freedom will improve your taſte,
When awe imbiters a repaſt:
A dozing fancy is a fooliſh Gueſt,
The freeſt welcome makes the ſweeteſt Feaſt.

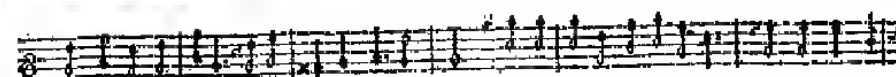
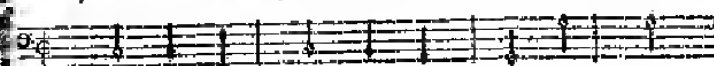
IV.

It is not Nature's way,
She made Love no ſuch buſie thing,
She meant it a ſhort lay,
A Common-Weal without a King.
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,
Her Fruits are beſt in Taſte and Shew,
Her Sweets extend unto the meaneſt Clown,
Often moſt fair, though in a Ruſſet Gown.

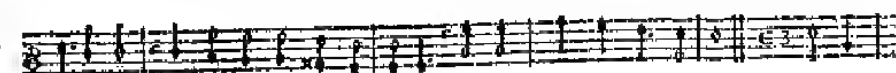
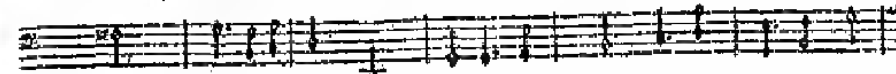
Loves Bachinall.



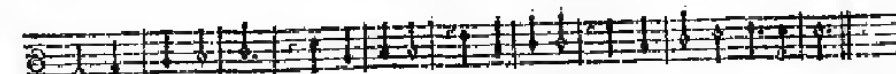
Ay thou ſilten Garland by thee, keep it for th' Eliziurn ſhades; take my



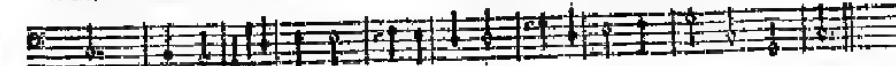
wreath of luſty I-vy, nor of that faint Mirtle made, when I ſee thy ſoul deſcending to that cold un-



fertile Plain of ſad fools the Lake attending, thou ſhalt wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink



wine, and know the odds 'twixt that *Lube*, 'twixt that *Lube*, 'twixt that *Lube*, and the Gods.



Rouſe thy dull and drowſie ſpirits,
Here's the ſoul reviving ſtreams,
The ſtupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly croſſed armes;
Thou mayſt as well call back the buried
As raiſe Love by ſuch like charmes.

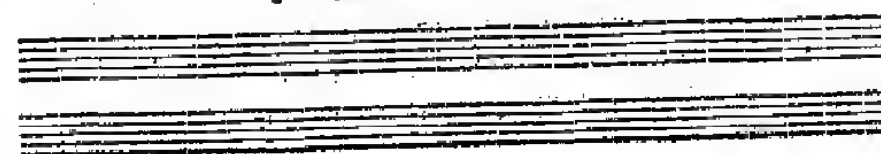
Think not thou theſe diſmal trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, ſings and dances,
Shall come ſooner to his end;

Sacrifice a glaſſe of Claret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft deſcended for it,
Morals muſt do more the ſame.

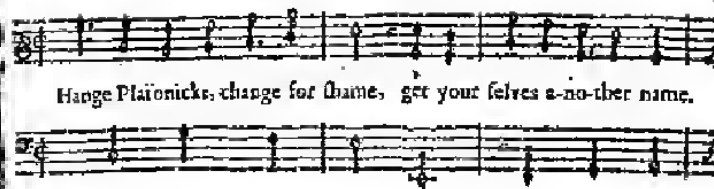
Cho.

Sadneſſe may ſome pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and courage conquers love.

If ſhe comes not at that ſlood,
Sleep will come, ſleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good.



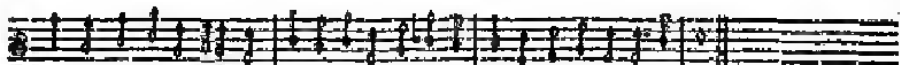
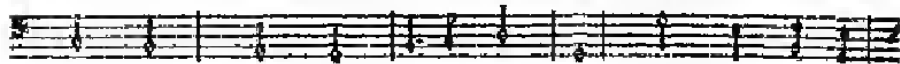
Platonick Love.



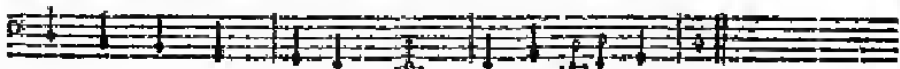
Change Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name.



This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



see, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocritie, and a kind of He-ro-ic.



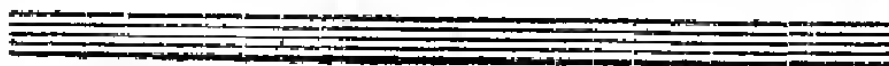
II.

Dr. Colman.

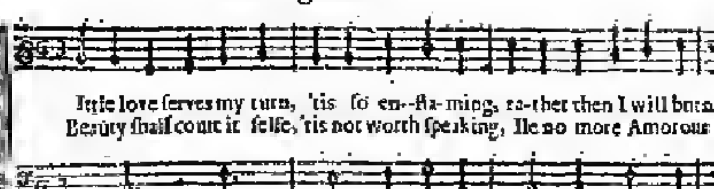
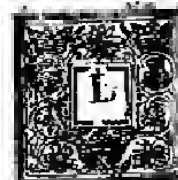
Plato ne'r allow'd a Kiss,
Nor the like fantastick blifs,
All the day sit and Ca Goll
With Sir Amorous La Fool;
Ne'r dream of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night,
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

III.

Yet must Plato justify
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to say,
'Tis Opinion that doth sway,
Is a meer Court-Frippery,
You act but yet most formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



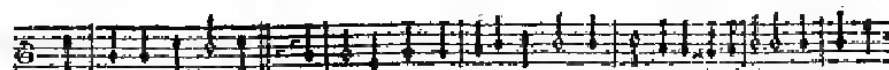
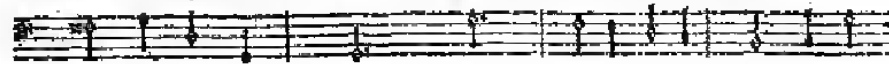
Love Neglected.



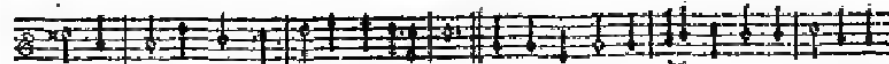
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-ter-ming, ra-ther then I will burn
Beauty shall count it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, He no more Amorous



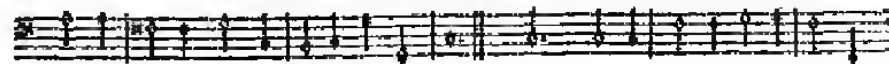
I will leave ga-ming: for when I think upon't, O'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking; those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



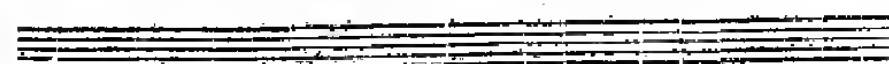
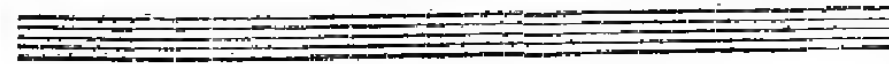
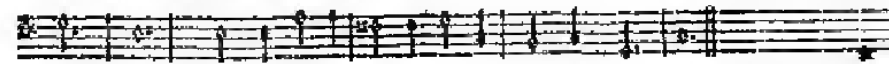
trick, to be disdainfull, No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart now I de-sie it,

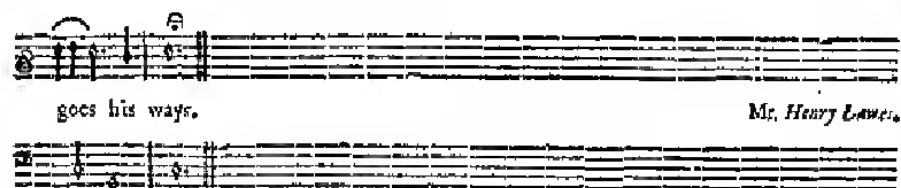
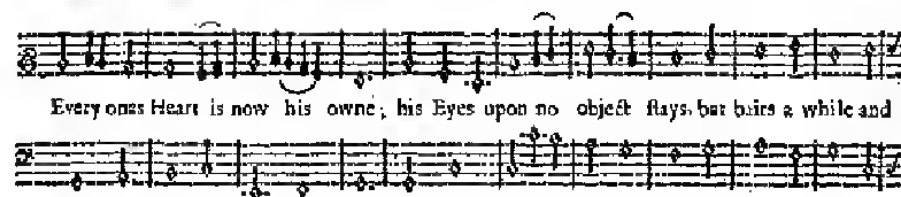


pine, distracts my mind, and fustle it when I see't. Forgive me Love, if I remove in to some o-



-ther sphere, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Lovers Wantonneffe.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

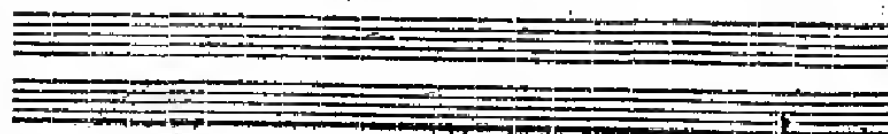
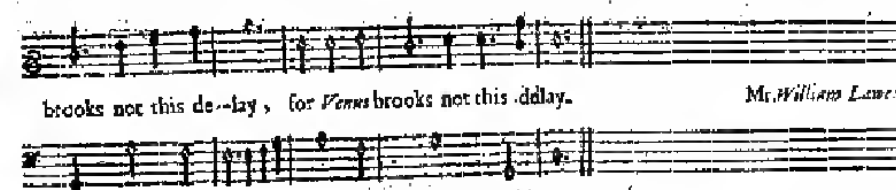
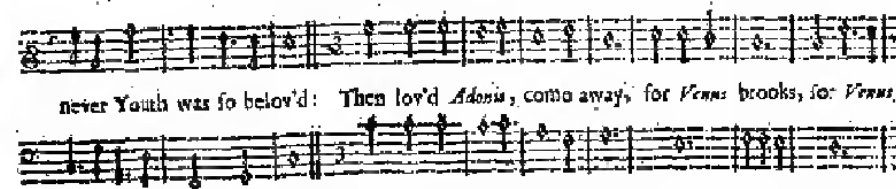
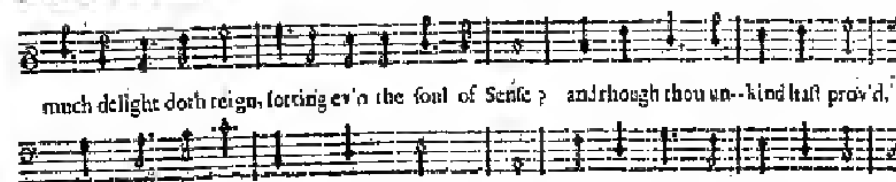
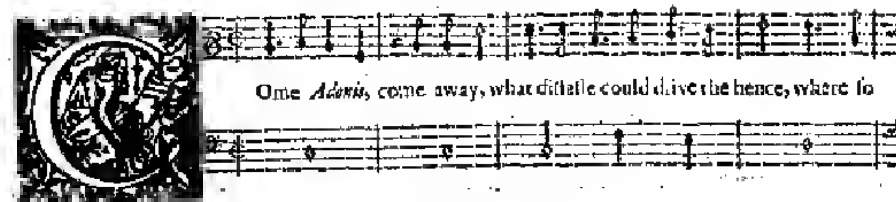
Shall Beauty that was wont to reign
Un-rivall'd in each noble breast,
Command by turns, or else in vain;
And by new fashion'd minds deprest,
Become an Inn, and love a Guest.

III.

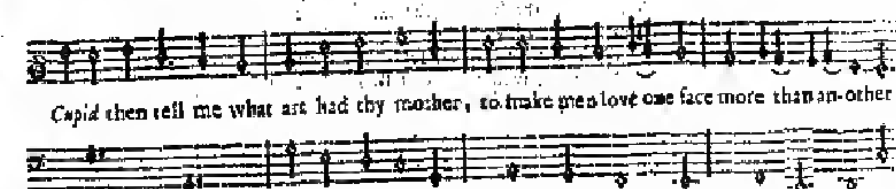
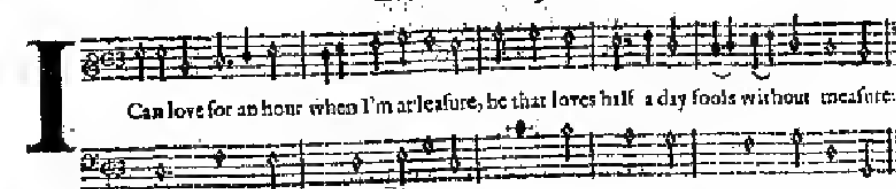
Sure they suppose her of Glasse,
And let her sink on purpose fall;
Then peice-meal would pick up this Masse,
That for one Beauty bow to all,
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

IV.

Though lowly minded, I will Band
Wish such for place, and at no rate
Give Rebel Lovers th'upper hand,
That every day new Lords create;
I serve a Monarch, they a State.

*Venus to her Adonis.*

Mr. William Lawes.

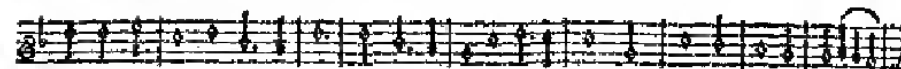
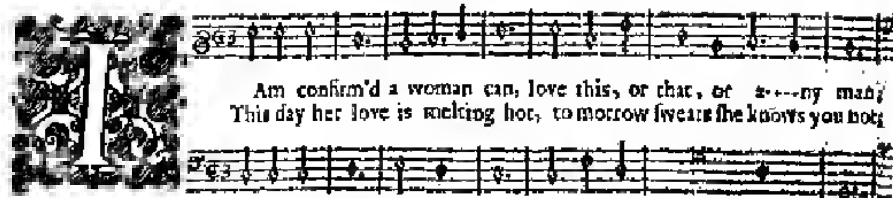
Loves Flattery.

Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

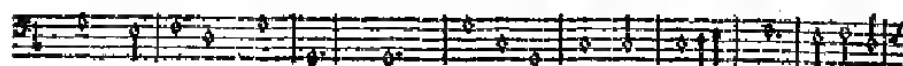
Men cannot eye themselves on your sweet features,
They'll hate variety of loving Creatures.
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do, yet they'll be fooling.

L

Mr. William Lawes.

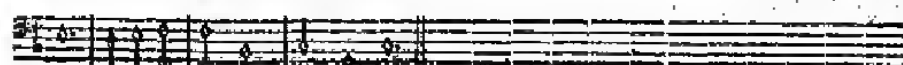
Inconstancy in Women.

Let her but an new object find, and she is of another mind: Then hang me Ladies at your



dore, if e're I dore up--on you more,

Mr. Henry Lawes,

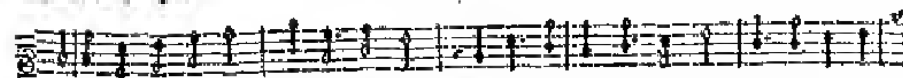
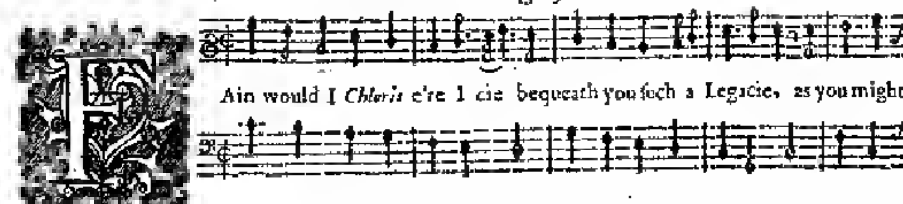


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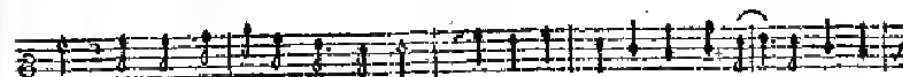
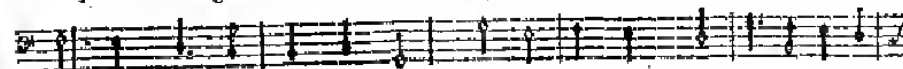
Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And so the fat and soft skinn'd Dame
I'll flatter, to appease my flame,
For her that's Muscull I long.
When I am fad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

III.

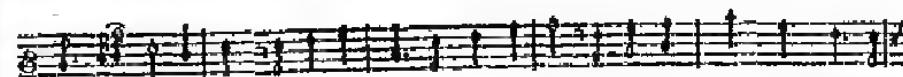
I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find our change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of variety:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.

A Lovers Legacy.

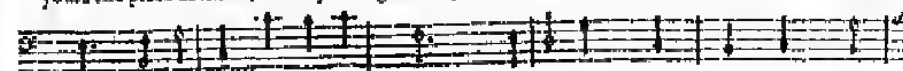
say when I am gon, None has the like! My heart alone were the best gift I could be-



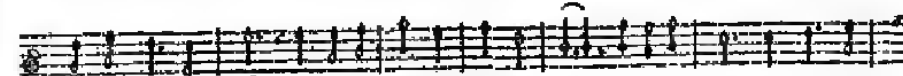
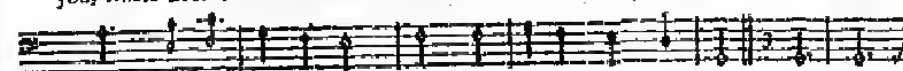
flow, but that's al-ready yours you know: So that till you my Heart resigne, or fill with



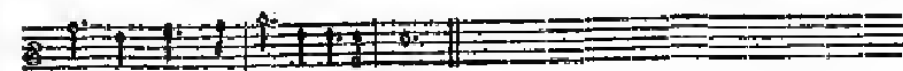
yours the place of mine; and by that grace my store renew, I shall have nought worth giving



you, whose Brest has all the wealth I have, save a faint Carcase, and a Grave: But had I as

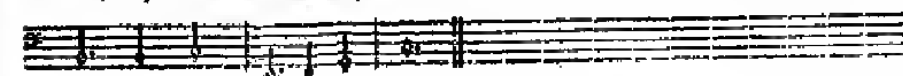


many Hearts as Hairs, as many Loves as Love has Fears, as many Lives as Years have

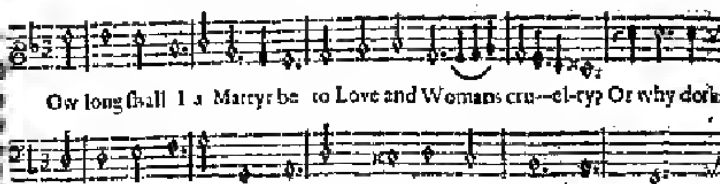
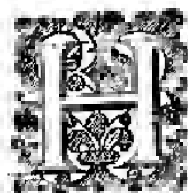


Hours, they should be all and only yours.

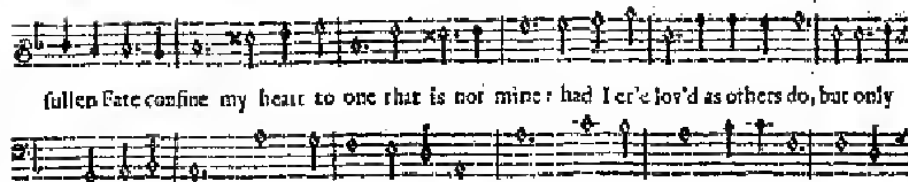
Mr. Henry Lawes,



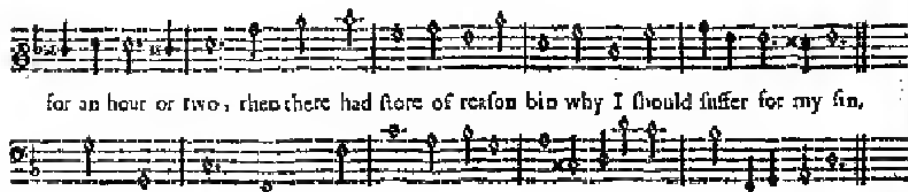
Loves Martyr.



Ow long shall I a Martyr be to Love and Womans cru-el-ty? Or why dost



fullen Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine: had I e're lov'd as others do, but only



for an hour or two, then there had store of reason bin why I should suffer for my sin,

Mr. Henry Lawes.

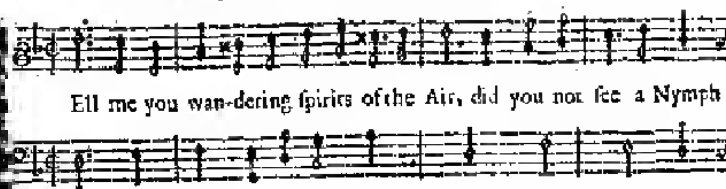
II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my Mistres name:
How I ne'r offered other fires
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere profan'd thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle mind:
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

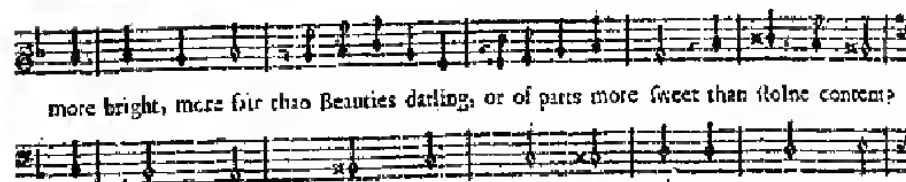
III.

O Love! if her supremacy
Have not a greater power then thee,
For pity sake then once be kind,
And throw a dart to change her mind:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love, or let me be
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

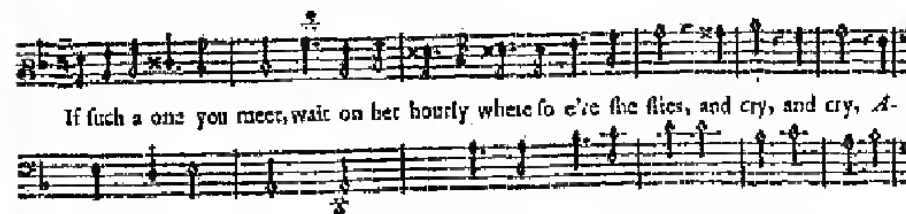
Amintor for his Chloris absence.



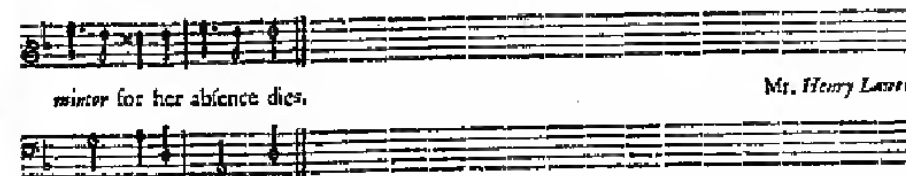
Ell me you wan-dering spirits of the Air, did you not see a Nymph



more bright, more fair than Beauties darling, or of parts more Sweet than (tolne content)



If such a one you meet, wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, A-



mintor for her absence dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

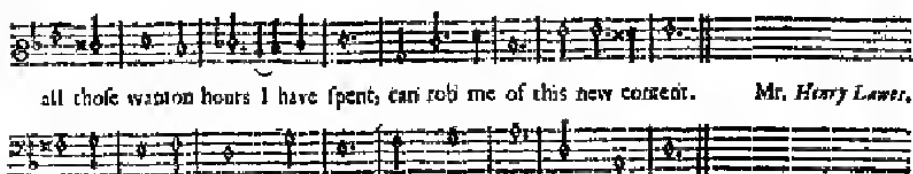
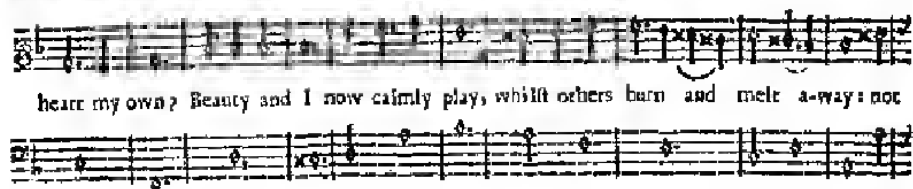
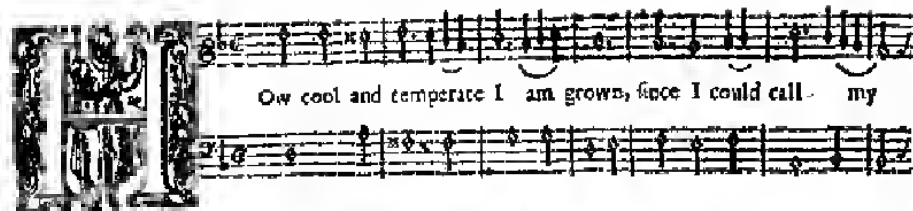
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those:
Fish, fish for Pearle, or Corall: there you'll see
How orientall all her colours be.
Go call the Echoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were thee on earth she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

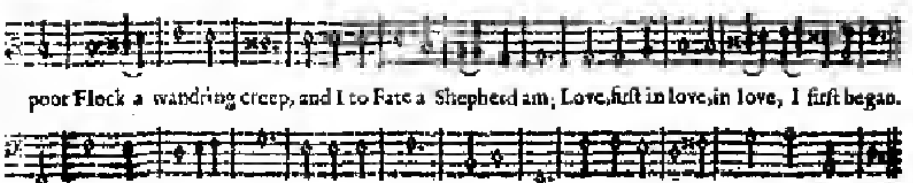
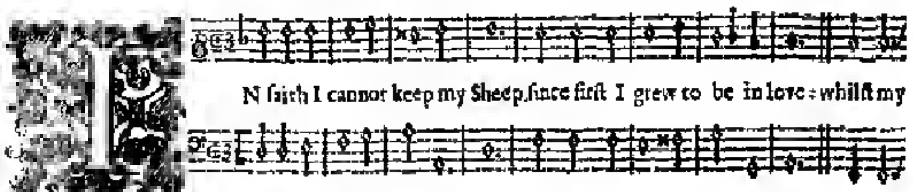
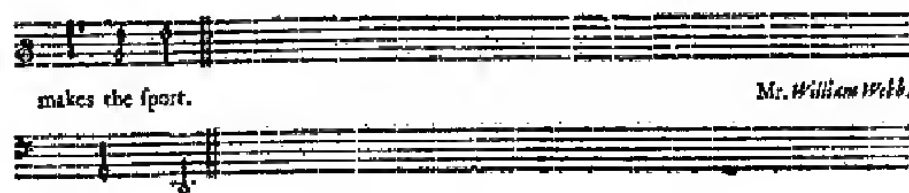
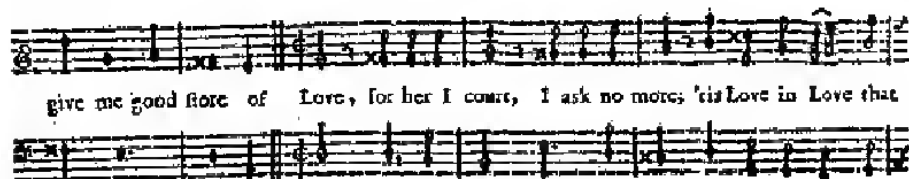
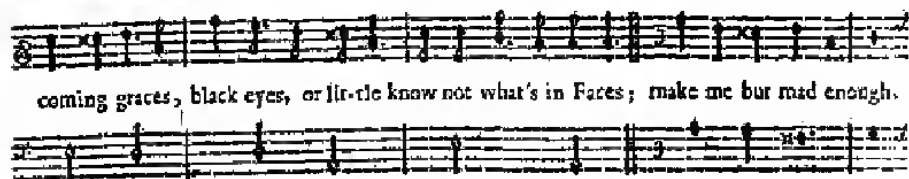
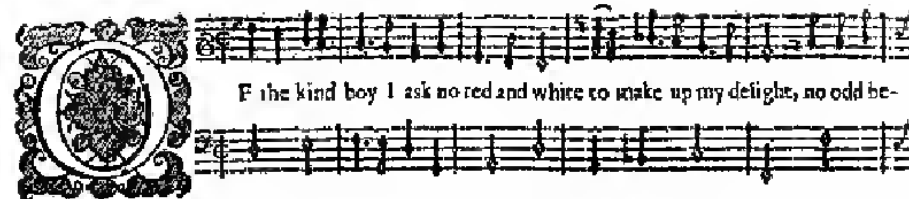


Chloris, Chloris,
Fall down, fall down, &c.

Love in a Calm.

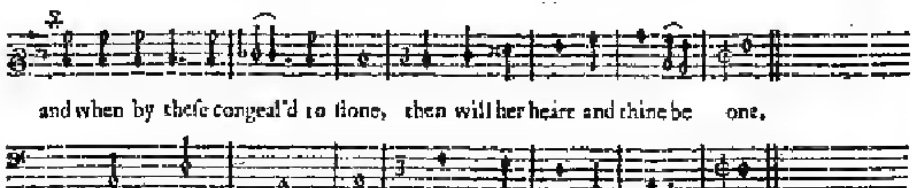
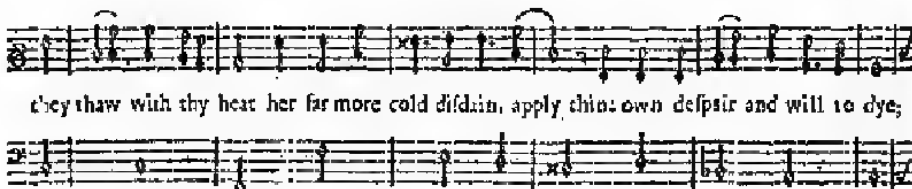
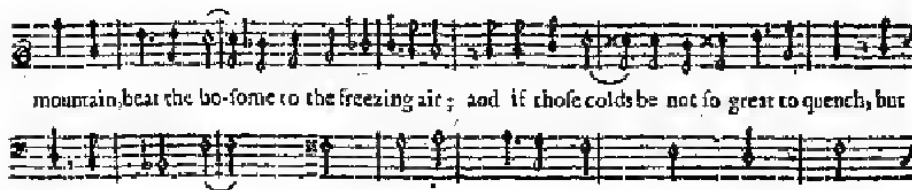
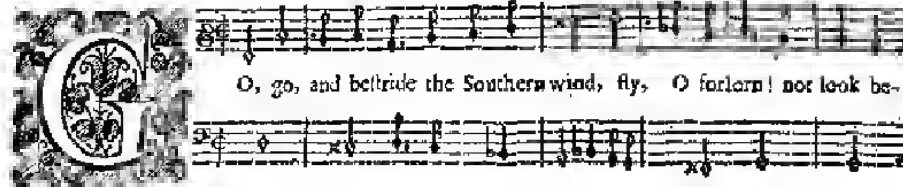
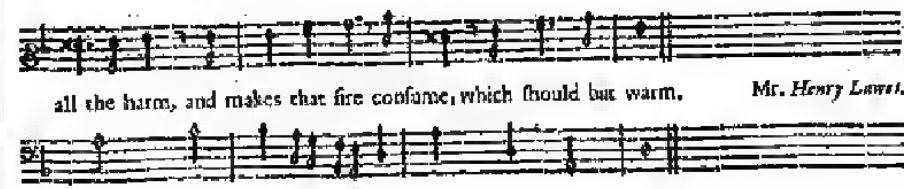
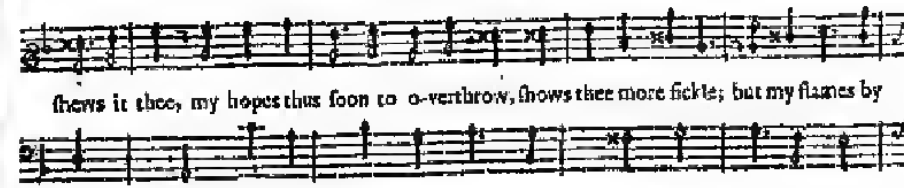
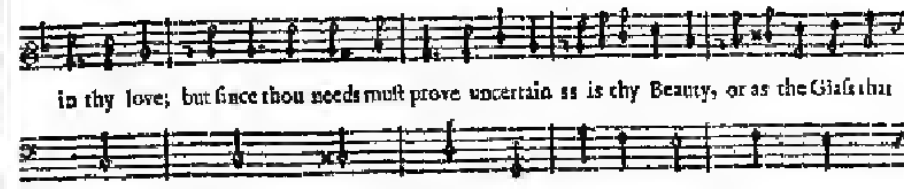
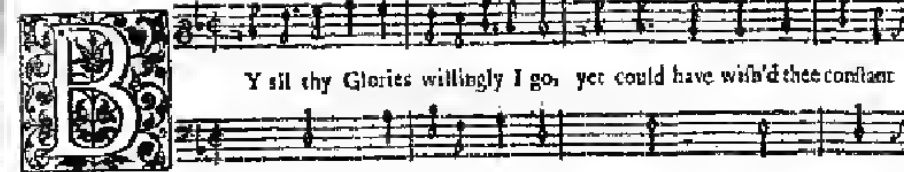
II.
 Loves mists are scattered from my sight,
 Which flattered me with new delight,
 And now I see 'tis but a face
 That stole my heart out of its place:
 Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
 Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

III.
 Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
 Farewell each look that can surprize,
 Farewell those curls and amorous spels,
 Farewell each place where Cupid dwells:
 And farewell each bewitching smile,
 I must enjoy my selfe a while.

Loves Shepherdess.*Love without Additionals.*

II.
 There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
 It is meet courtenage all;
 For though some long ago
 Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
 That doth not vie me now from chafing new,
 If I a fancy take
 Too black and blew,
 That fancy doth it Beauty make.

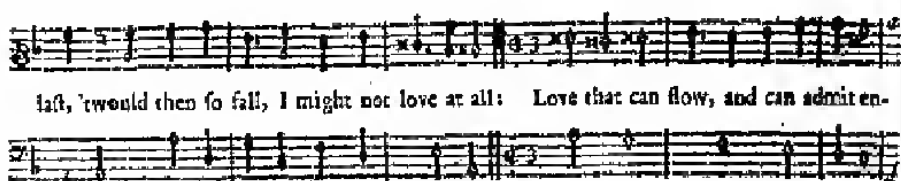
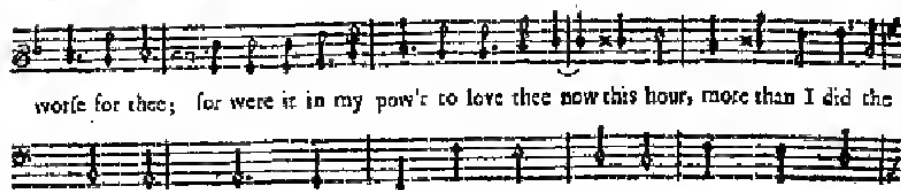
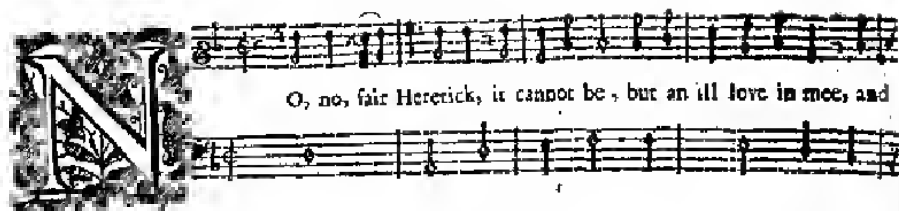
II.
 'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
 Makes eating a delight;
 And if I like one dish
 More than another, that a Pheasant is:
 What in our Marches, may in us be found,
 So to the height, and nick
 We up be bound,
 No matter by what hand or trick.

A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.*False Love reproved.*

II.

Till time destroy those blossoms of thy youth,
 Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,
 But who can tell thy fate?
 And say that when this Beauty's done,
 This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;
 I could have serv'd thee with such truth
 Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,
 Departed long ago;
 And at this ebbing tyde,
 Have us'd thee as a Bride
 Who's only true
 Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

Loves torrid Zone.

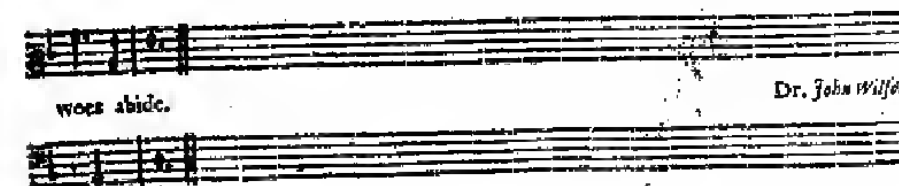
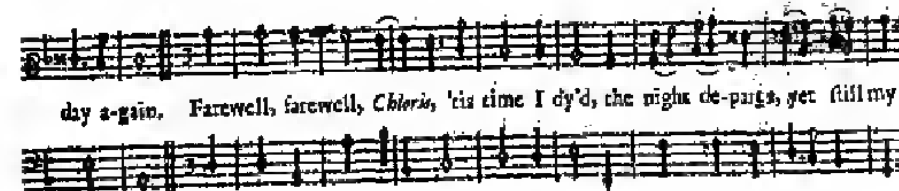
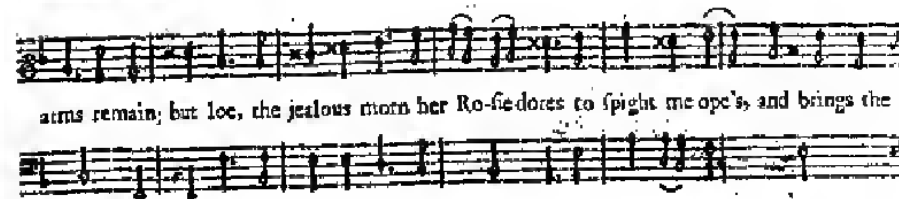
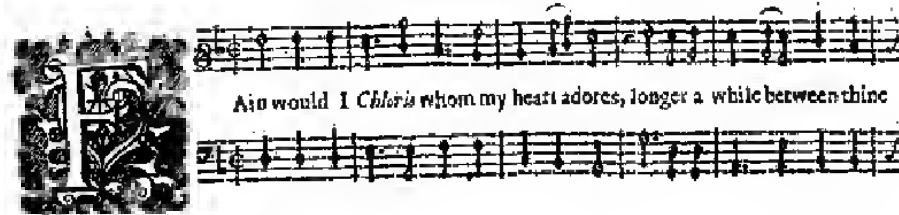


Mr. Henry Lawe.

II.

True love is still the same
The Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know:
For love grown cold, or hot
Is lust and friendship, not
The think we have, for that's a flame would dye,
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love, more than I can expresse,
And would know more, could I but love thee lesse.

To his Chloris at Parting.



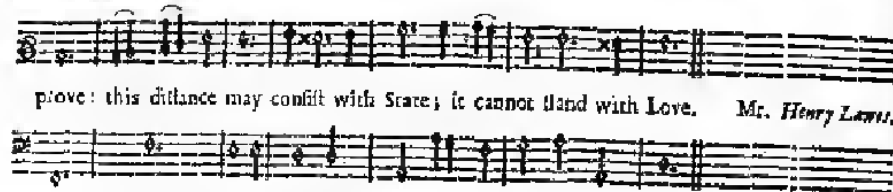
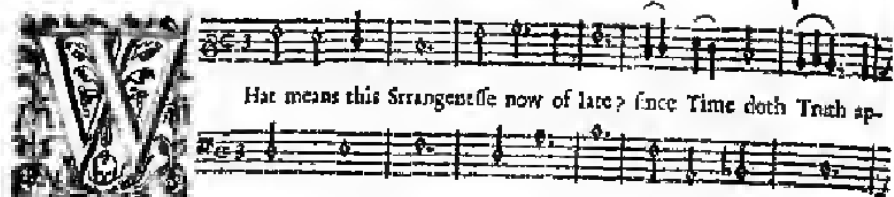
Dr. John Wilson.

II.

Hence saucy flaring Candle of the Skies,
Let us alone we, have no need of thee:
Our eyes are ever day, where Chloris eyes
Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers be.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

O night! whose sable vail was wont to be
More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:
Wherefore, O wherefore dost thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joys away?
Farewell, farewell, &c.

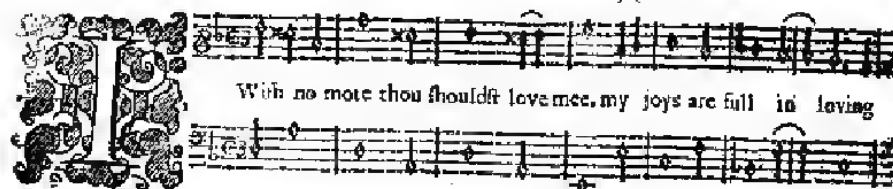
Coyne's in Love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust,
That do such ways allow;
The first is base, the last unjust;
Let neither blemish you.

Speak but a word, or do but cast
One Look that seems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be mine own.

If you intend to draw me on,
You over act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not halfe this Art.

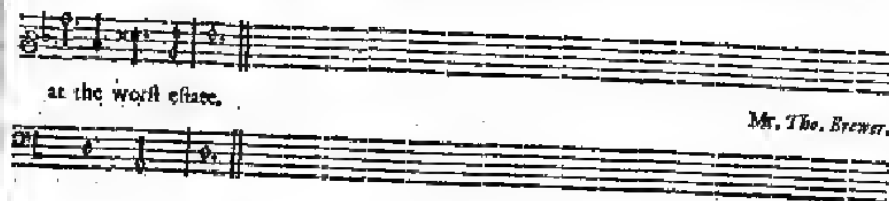
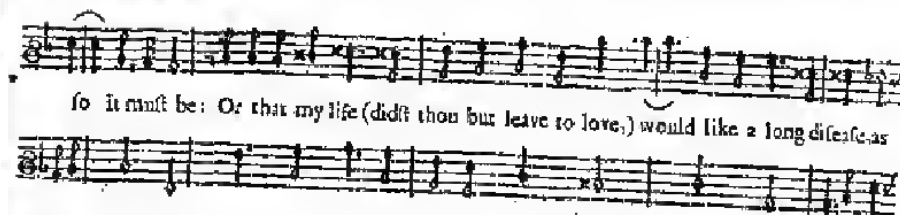
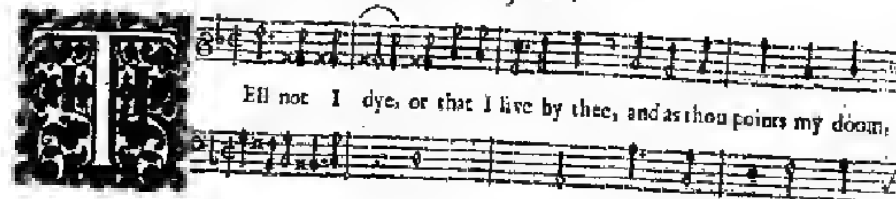
And such a false and equal way
On both sides none can blame,
Since every man is bound to play
The fairest of his Game.

Love possesse.

Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yet I must love while I have breath,
For not to love were worse than death.

Then still I sue for scorn or grace,
A lingering life, or death embrace;
Since one of these I needs must try,
Love me but once, and let me dy.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,
Than cruel life can yield thee praise;
It shall be counted who to dies,
No murder, but a sacrifice.

A Lover's Resolution.

II.

III.

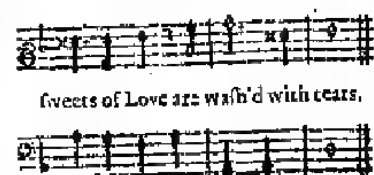
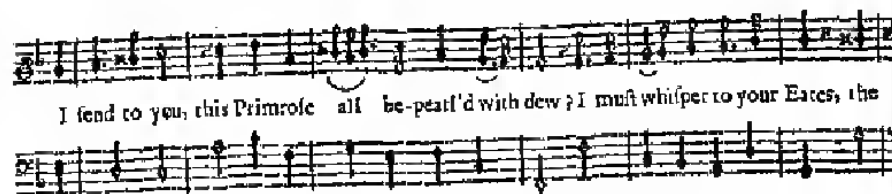
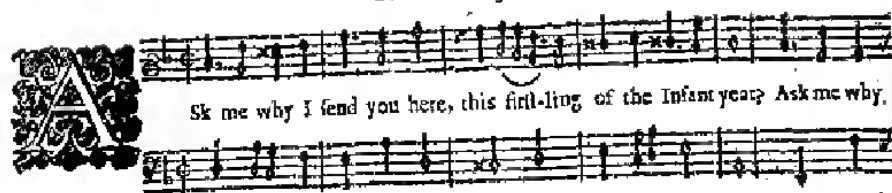
'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
On the frail favour of a womans kisse;
And most unmanly in enthral his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:
Since Womens fancies with their fashions change,
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

I know the humour of your Sex is such
You ne'r could value any one thing much;
For should thy breath with constant flames be fir'd,
'Twere more then I expected, although desir'd;
Then think me not so fond, although I love,
But as thou fearst thy course, so mine shall move.

IV.

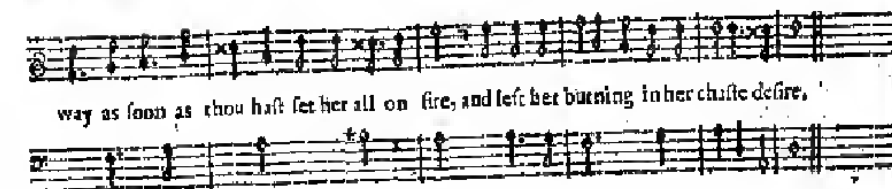
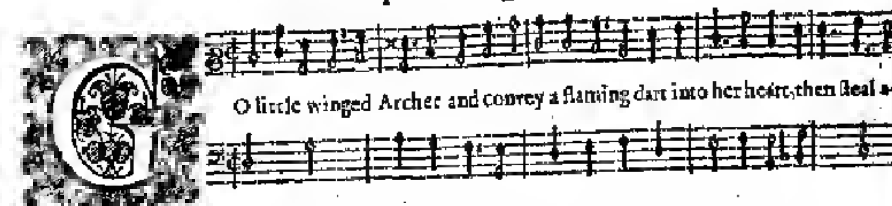
He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-gee,
Is his own man, nor slave to any wee;
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,
Still o'recommen of my destinie:
Yet know I love, thou I can leave the state,
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate.

The Primrose.



Ask me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And yielding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Cupid's Embassy.



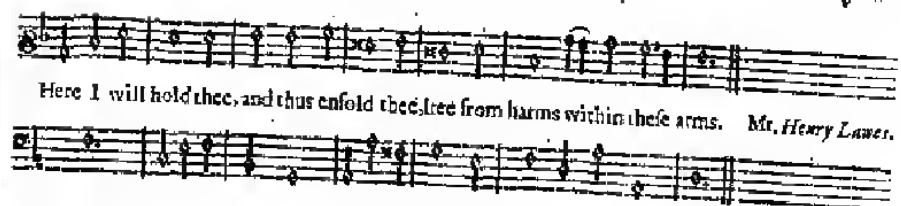
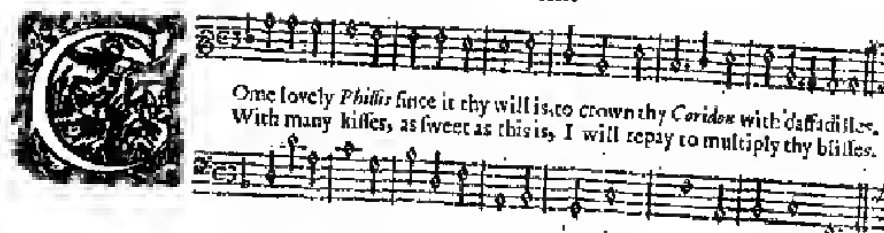
II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Do tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart possess'd
By the distemper of her scorched breath.

III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'll do the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'er expire,
While we add fuel to each others fire.

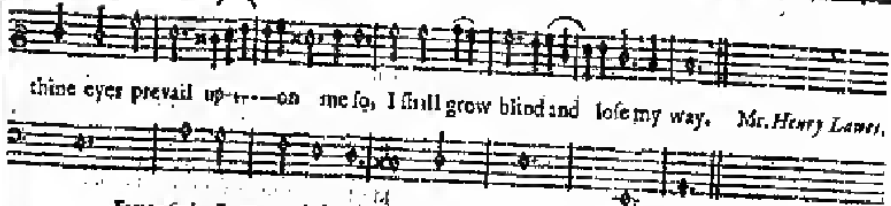
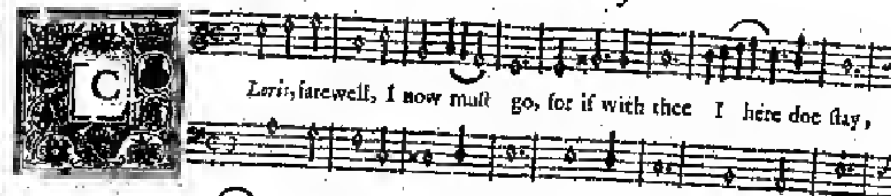
Coridon to his Phillis.



Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious hours and sorrows well exiling;
For if you lower, the banks no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower:
Your eyes not granting
Their tales enchanting,
Mine may rain, but 'twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feel the fire of loves desire.

On Chloris attractive Beauty.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this time full store of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could't be free to keep it still.

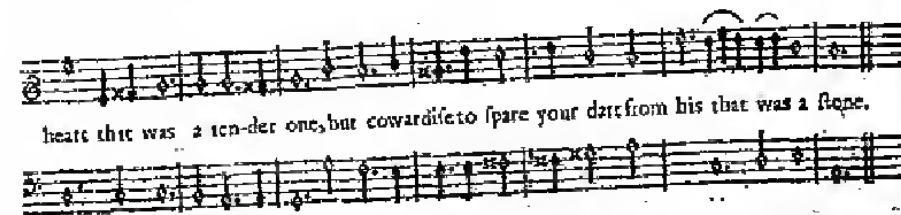
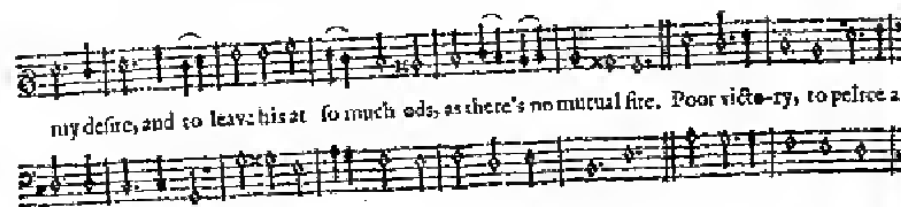
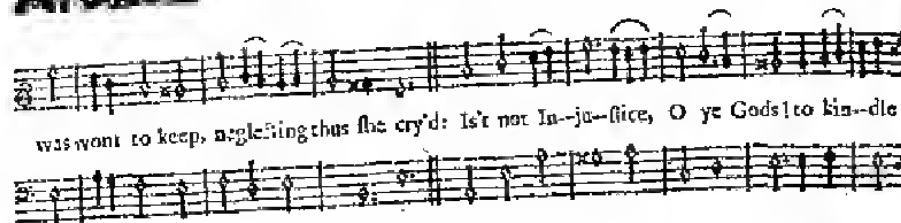
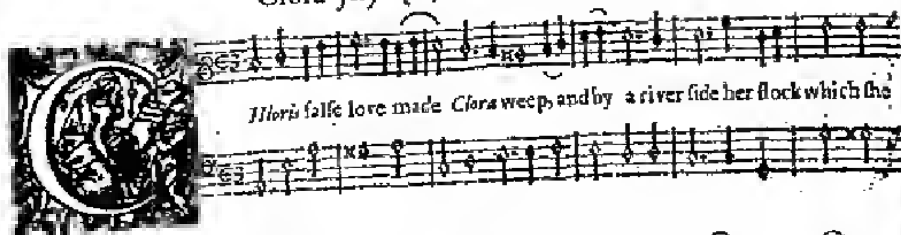
But what assistance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May't leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may't say 'twas not thy fault
That thou did'st thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No Chloris, no, I will return,
And raise thy Rary to that height,
That Strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such truth, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Clara forsaken, thus complains.



As she thus moorn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her bloubard face appears,
Now out alas, said she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

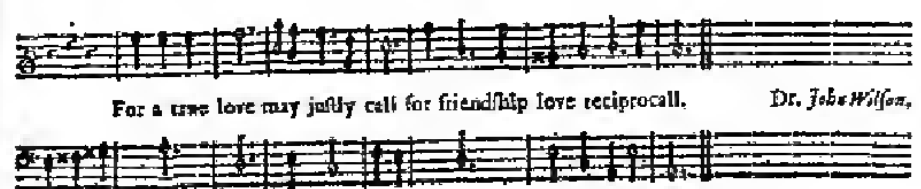
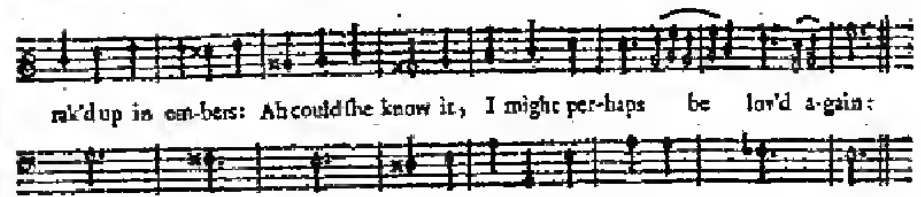
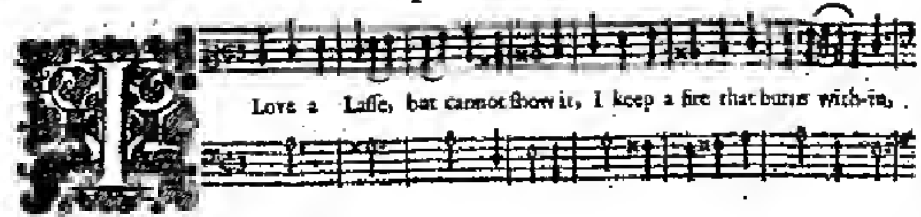
And thus in little drawn and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his breast,
Shall equal my desire.

Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in less form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espi'd.

Dr. John Wilson.

Reciprocal Love.



For a true love may justly call for friendship love reciprocal.

Dr. John Wilson.

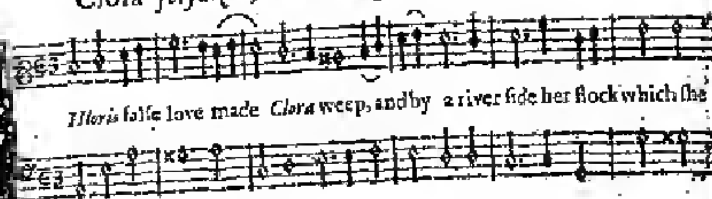
II.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
A sigh by whispering in her ear,
Or let some pitious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
By often drops receives a dent.

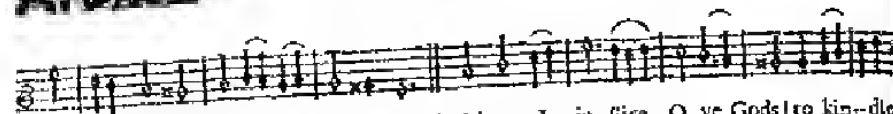
III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weak;
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speak:
Go then my Muse, and let this verse
Bring back my Life, or else my Heart.

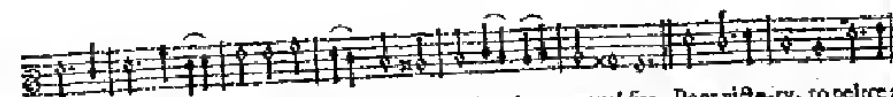
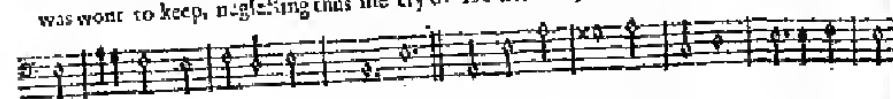
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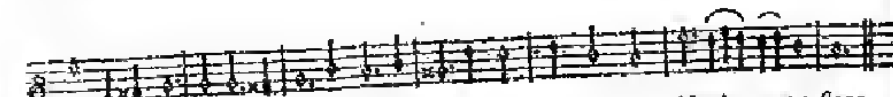
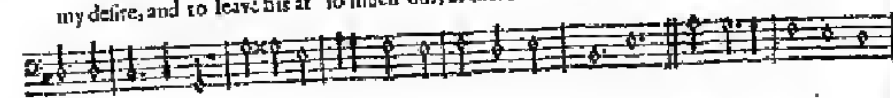
His false love made Clara weep, and by a river side her flock which she



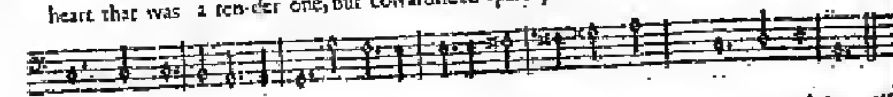
was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-jus-tice, O ye Gods! to kin-dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor vic-tim, to please a



heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone.



Dr. John Wilson

*As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-lick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.*

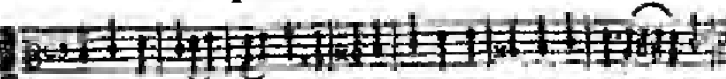
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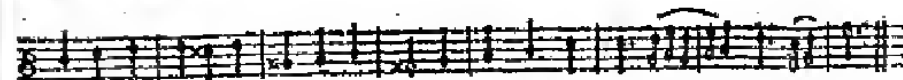
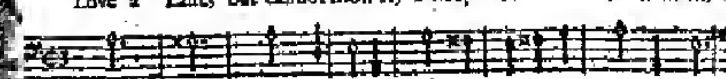
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My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espi'd.*

*And thus in little drawn and dress
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May force such passions from his breast,
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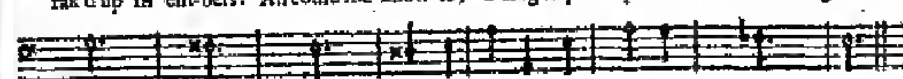
Reciprocal Love.



Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in,



rais'd up in em-bers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:



For a true love may justly call for friendship love reciprocal.

Dr. John Wilson.



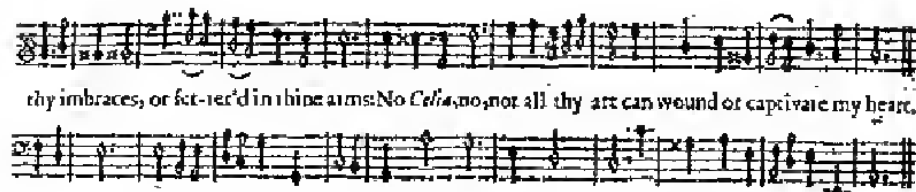
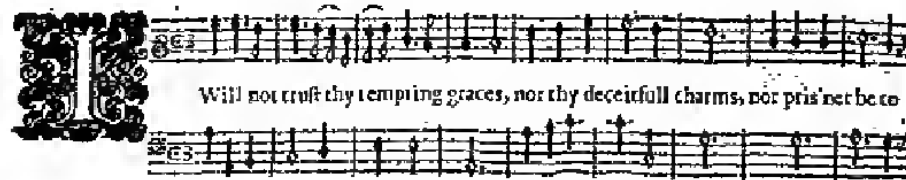
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Or two, or more; the hardest floor,
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That is already too too weak;
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Go then my Muse, and let this verse
Bring back my Life, or else my Heart.*

On Loves deceitful Charms.



II.

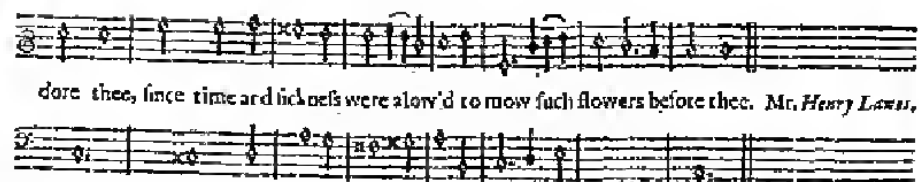
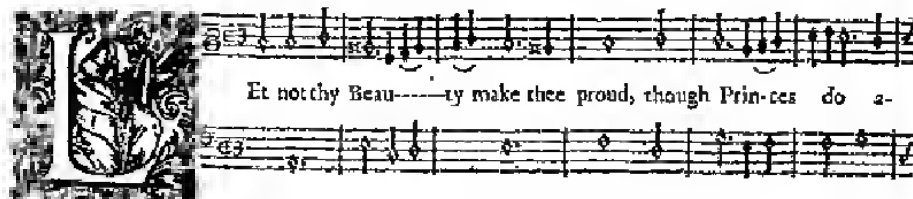
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor warren with thy hair;
Lest those should burn me by surprise,
Or thine my soul inspire:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as shine;
If thou would'st mine should captive be,
Thou must shine own refuge:
And Constancy shall then move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.

Beauty a fading Ornament.



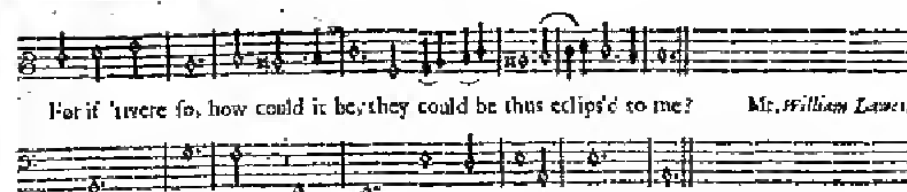
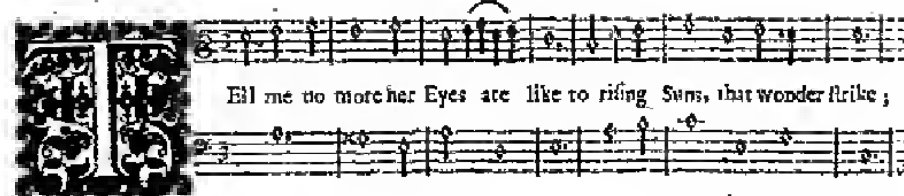
II.

Nor be not thy to that degree
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so somers, or so free,
That every fly may blow thee;
A state in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd,
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Braunes lightnings fir'd.

III.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an amiable mildness;
It may like Venus sit betwixt
The extremes of pride and vileness.
Then every eye that sees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy virtue with a story.

Beauty in Eclipse.



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

No, say her Eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

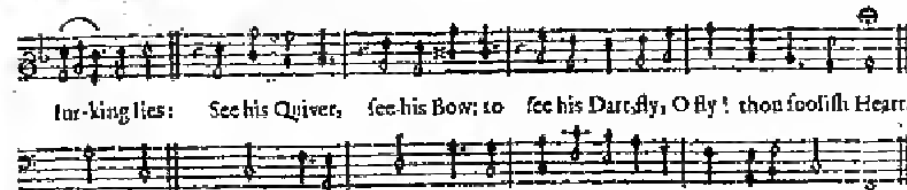
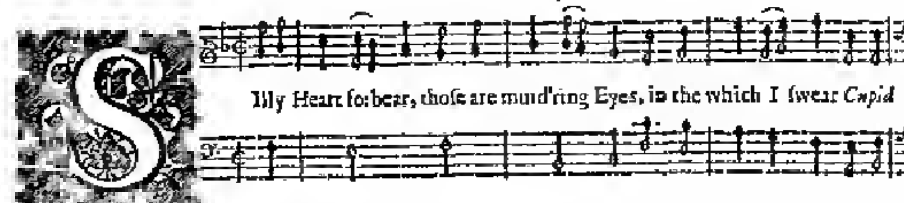
Say that although like to the Moon,
She heavenly is, yet chang'd as soon;
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain.

Tell me no more the restless Sphaeres
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our ears;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe;
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflam'd, from me lent.

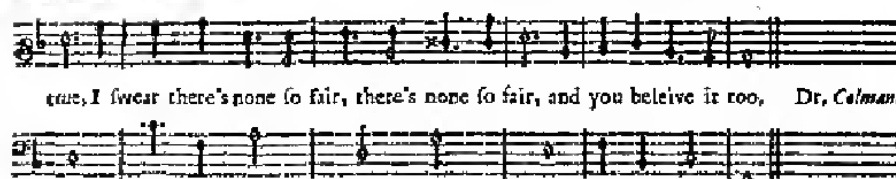
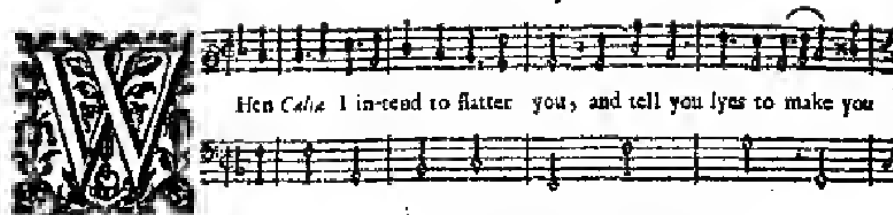
That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;
For 'tis no less cruell there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.

Cupid detected.



Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:
Lovelies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart
For to wound both Eyes and Heart.

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:
Cupid shooting, Cupid Darting, and his Band
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

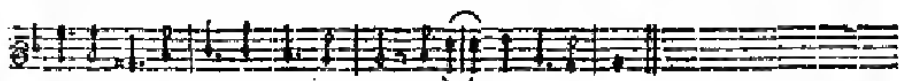
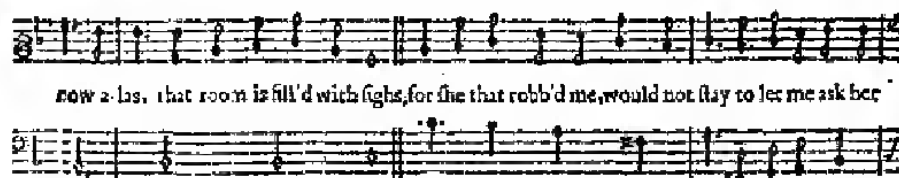
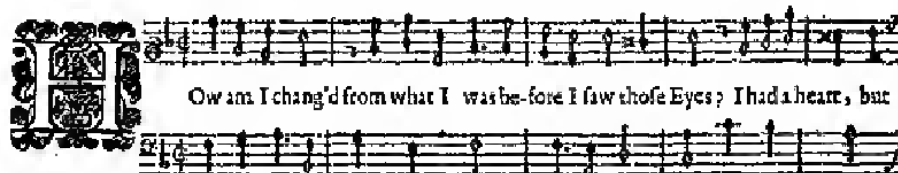
Lover's Flattery.

Oh have I match'd you with the Rose, and said
No twins to like hath nature made,
But 'tis
Only in this, &
You prick my hand and side.

When I praise your skin I quote the wood
That Silk-worms from their Entrails pull,
And show
That new fallen snow, &
Is not more beautiful.

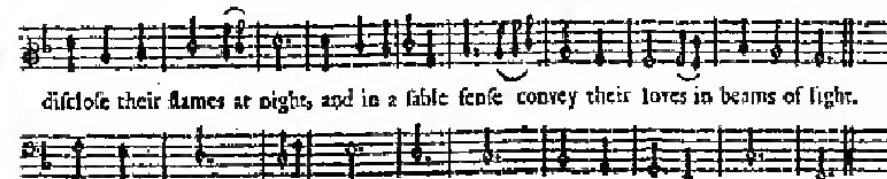
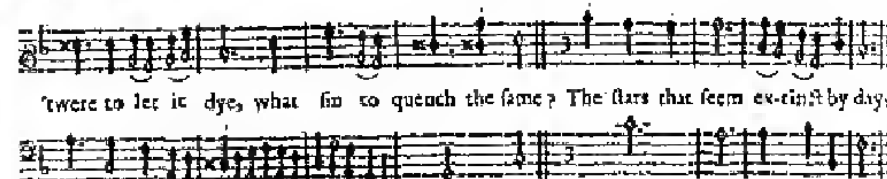
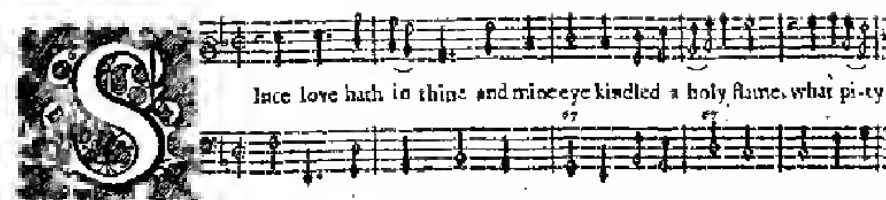
Oh have I said there is no precious stone
But may be found in you alone;
Though I
No stone e'eny, &
Unless your heart be one.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as these
Whitt I
Before you ly, &
They might be had with ease.

Lover's Theft.

Thus am I left to count my grief,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no relief,
Or ought that's true delight.

I'll therefore on some River side
Wander to breath my woe,
And ask those Nymphs how Nylas dy'd
That I might do so too.

Power of Love.

Dr. John Wilkes.

II.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spi'd.
What though our Bodies cannot meet
Loves fuels more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

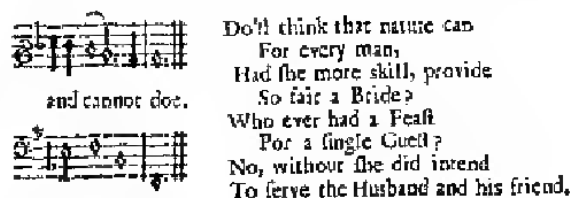
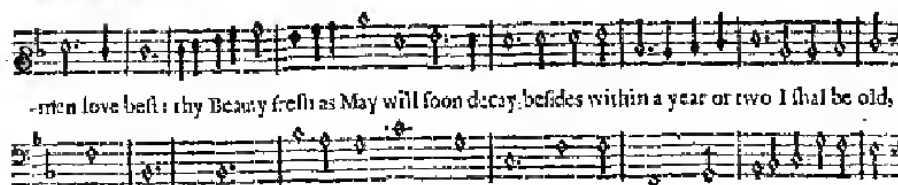
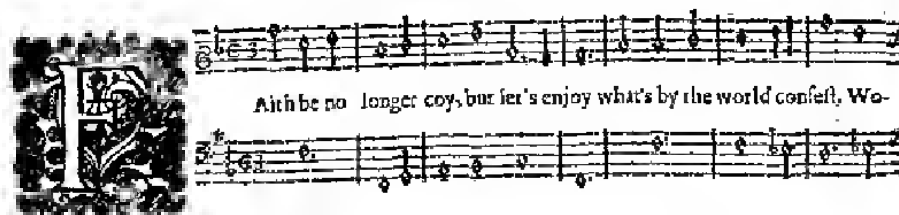
III.

Fall'se Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light.
Thus while we shall preserve from waste
The flame of our desire,
No vessel shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

IV.

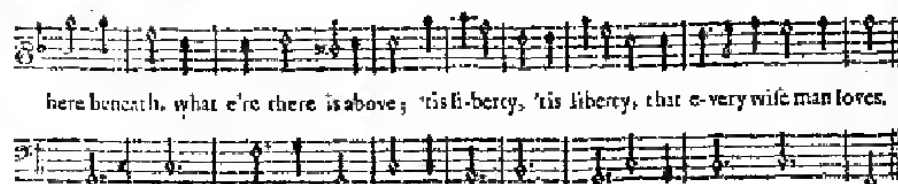
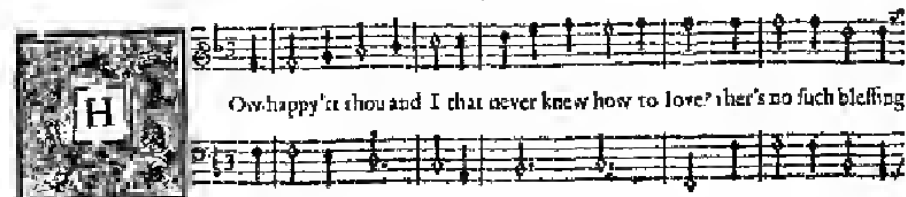
If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waite away
I'll take new fire from thine.

A Motive to Love.



To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more than you.

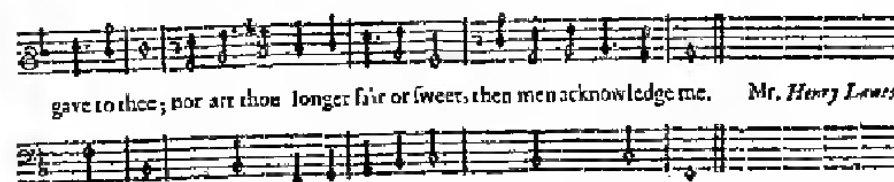
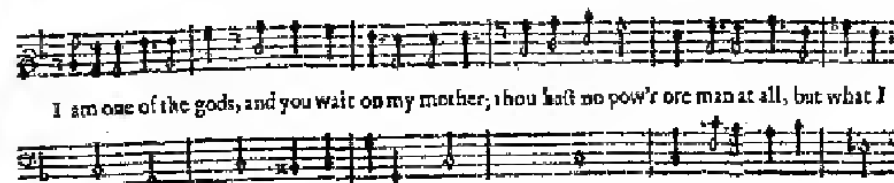
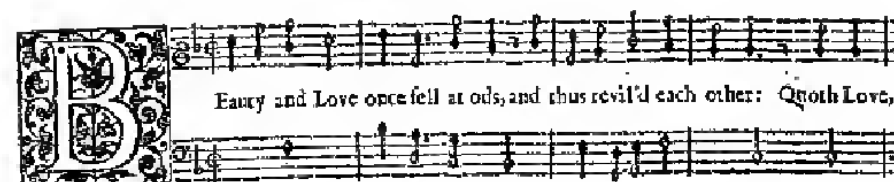
On Liberty.



Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Ass believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
There's nothing sweeter, there's nothing sweeter to man, but Liberty.

He tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

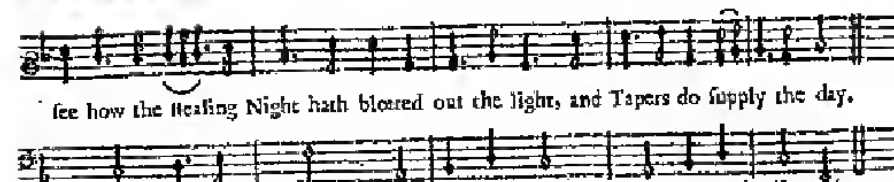
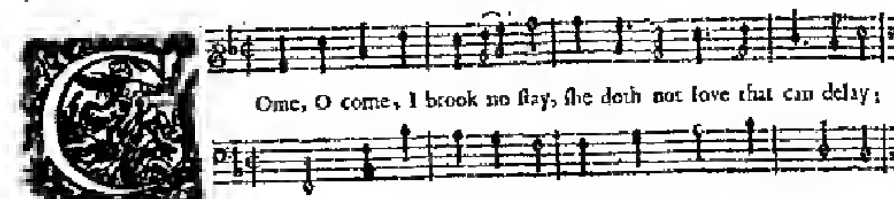
Beauty and Love at odds.



Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind:
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Morals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with Iron,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
Against Cupid and his power.

Love admits no Delay.

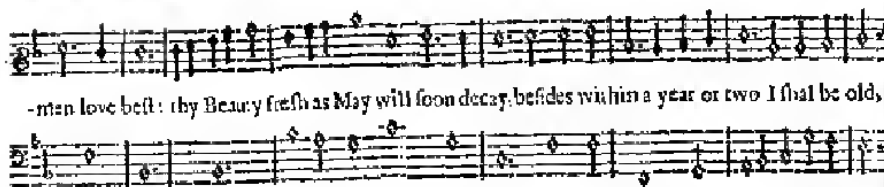
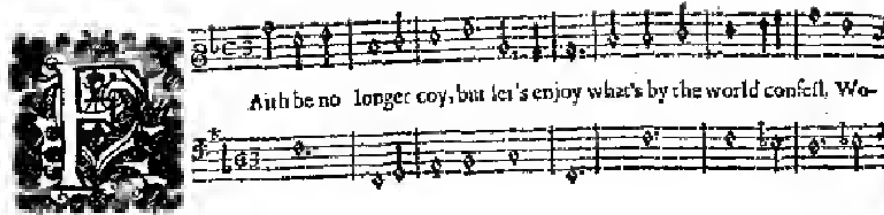


To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourscore or fiftreen,
Desires do wring us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gone,
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire;
She foolish Time that lyes alone.

Mr. Henry Lawes.
Let us cherish then these powers
Whiles we may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
Our sprightly kisses strike the hour.

A Motive to Love.

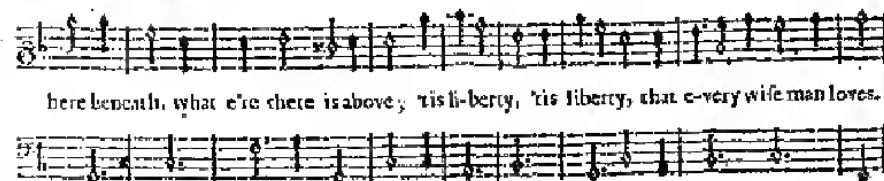
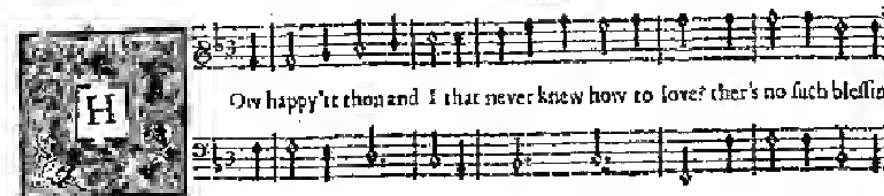


Do't think that nature can
For every man,

IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

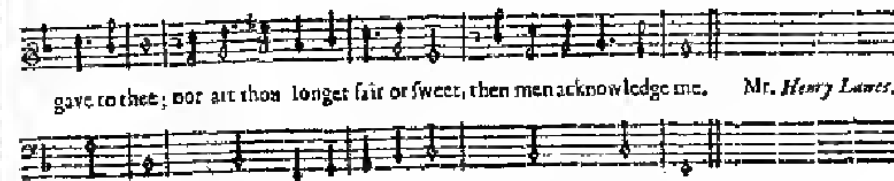
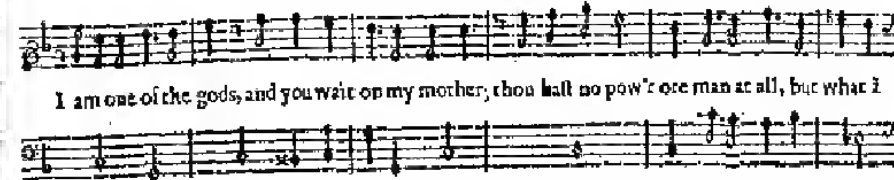
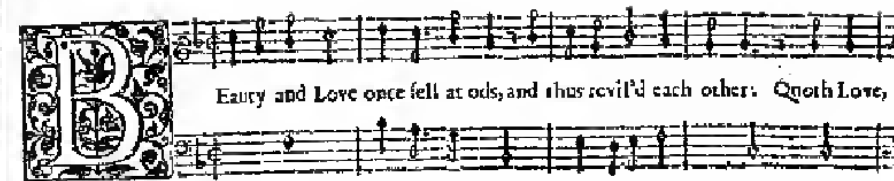
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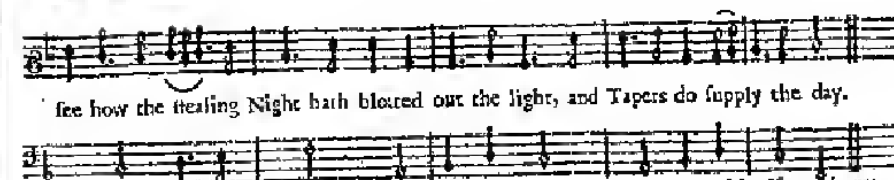
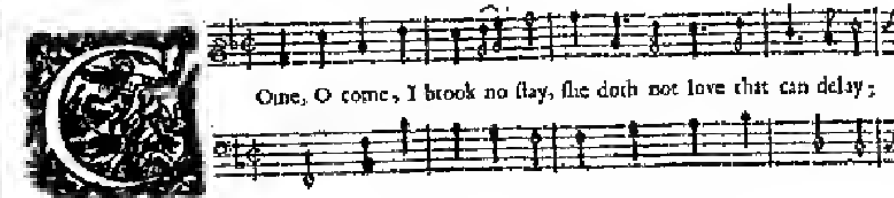
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Love here to anger flew away,
And thought to Veltan prayd
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To punish this proud Maid:
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To love a day is now a sin
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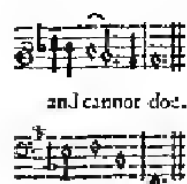
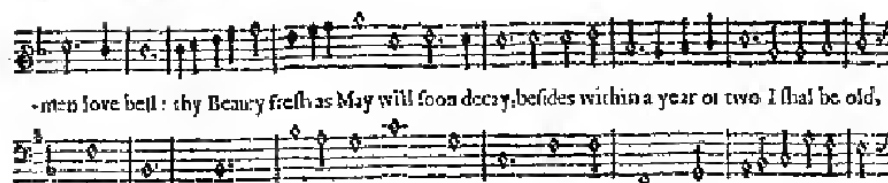
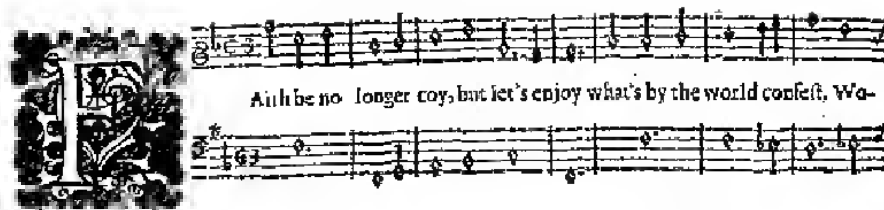
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And that foolish Galle that's cold
Is fourteen as fifteen,
Defers do write us green:
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

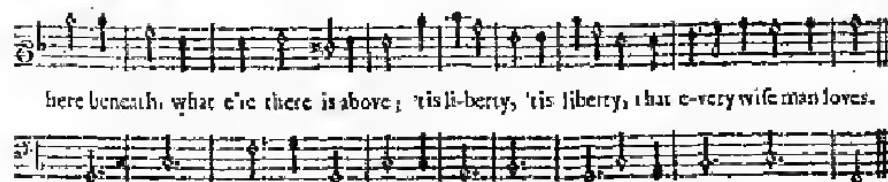
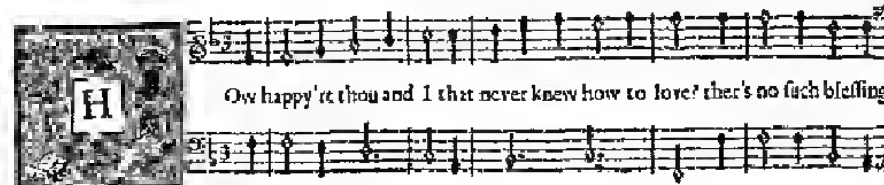
See the soft Taper's almost gone,
Thy flame like that will straight be none;
And I as it expires,
Not able to hold fire,
She loseth time that lyes alone.

Mr. Henry Lawes.
Let us cherish then these powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no dull Zealous Chime,
But sprightly kisses strike the hour.

A Motive to Love.

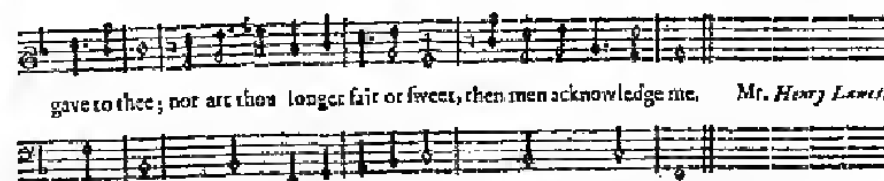
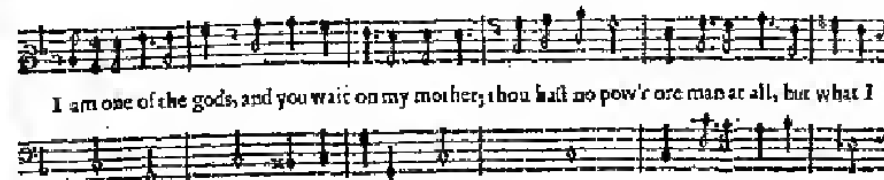
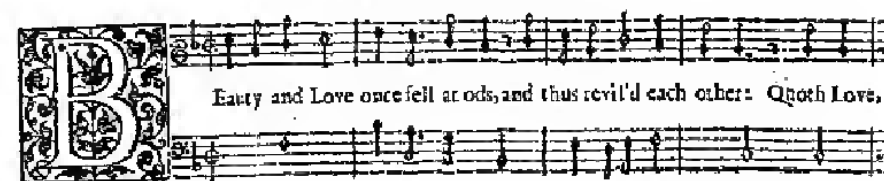
Do't think that nature can
For every man,
Had she more skill, provide
So fair a Bride?
Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the Husband and his friend.

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more than you.

On Liberty.

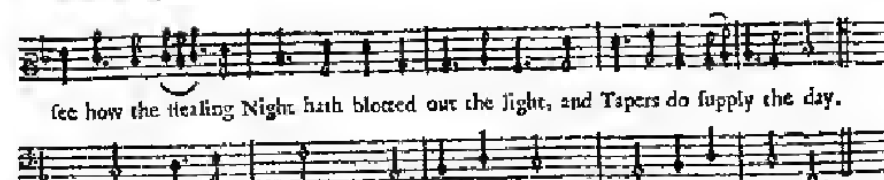
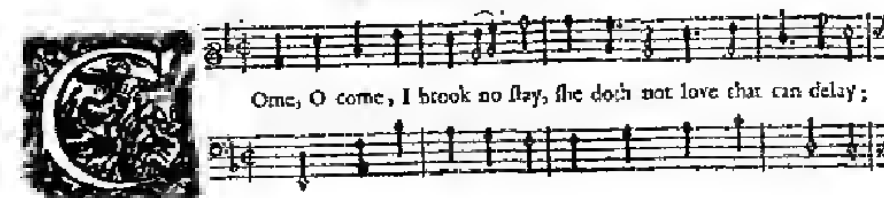
Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Ass believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
There's nothing sweeter, there's nothing sweeter to man, but Liberty.

I'll eye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me woe thus wise.

Beauty and Love at odds.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wing'd to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And sought to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his Heels with scorn,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
Against Cupid and his power.

Love admits no Delay.

To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourscore or fifteen,
Defies de wits us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gone,
Thy flame like that will straight be gone,
And I as it expires,
Not able so to hold thee;
She loseth Time that lyes alone.

Mr. Henry Lawes.
Let us cherish then these powers
While we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
But sprightly kisses drive the hour.

The Anglers Song.

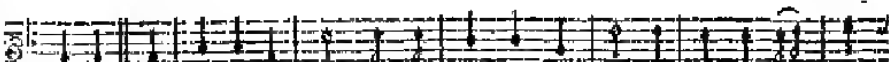
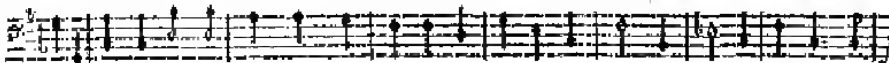
For a Vex, Tickle and Gail.



Ans Life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain and sorrow, and short



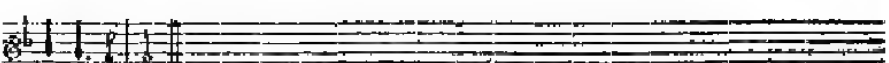
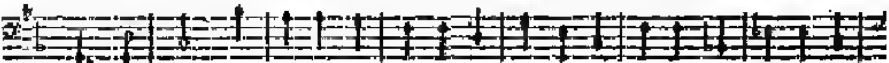
as a Bubble; 'Tis a Hodg Podg of businesse, and Money and Care, and Care and Mony, and



trouble. But we'll take no Care when the Weather proves Fair, nor will we Vex now

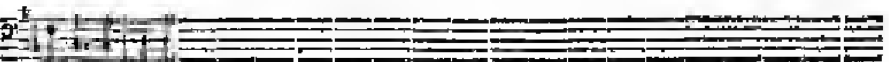


though it Rain; wee'l banish all Sorrow, and Sing till to morrow, and Angle and



Angle again.

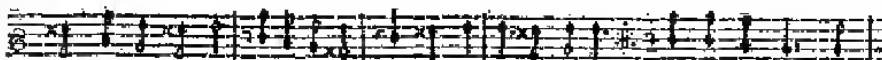
Mr. Henry Lawes.



On Attractive Beauty.



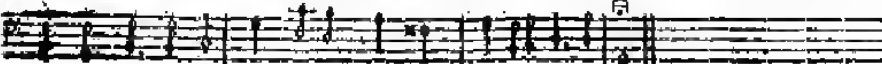
Oft see how unregarded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a



time when I did vow to that alone, but mark the fate of Faces; That Red and White works



NOW no more on me; than if it could not charm, or I not see. Mr. John Goodgrave.



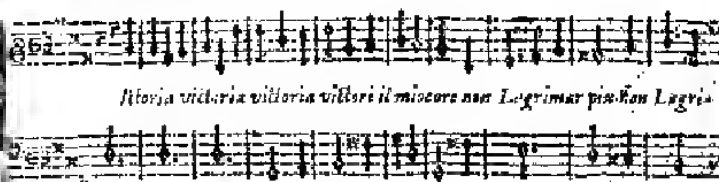
II.

And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still desires;
Am still the self-same. Flesh and Blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:
Oh some kind power untiele where it lyes,
Whether my Heart be faithle or her Eyes.

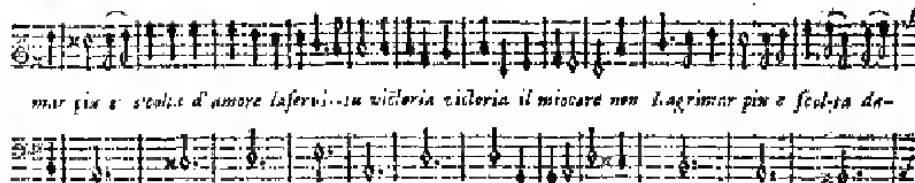
III.

She every day her mas doth kill,
And I as often dye;
Neither her Power then, nor my Will
Can question'd be, what is the Myserie?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods; yet, and hidden Faces.

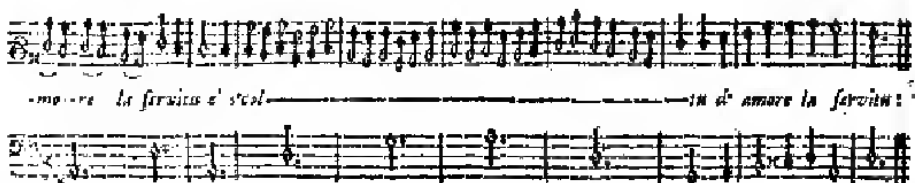
An Italian Ayre.



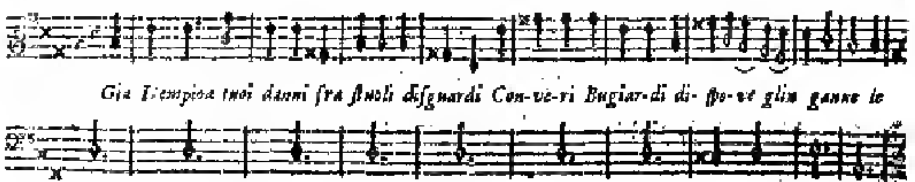
Storia vittoria vittoria vittori il mio core non Lagrimar più non Lagrimar



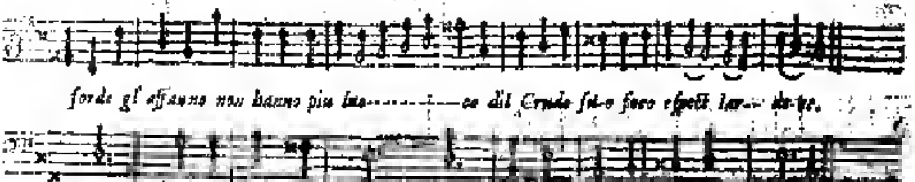
mar più e scolti d'amore la servi in vittoria vittoria il mio core non Lagrimar più e scolti da-



more la servi e scolti in d'amore la servi:



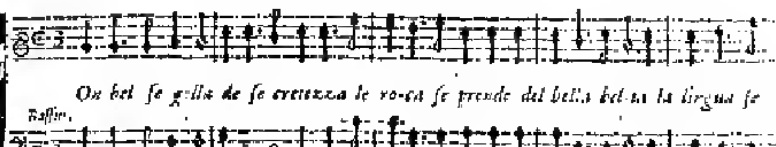
Gia l'empioa tuoi danni fra stolti disguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di- spo-ve glii ganne lo



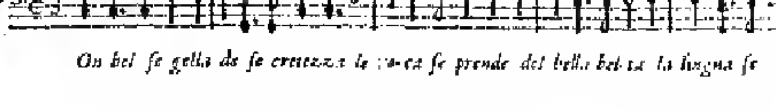
forde gl' affanno non hanno più la- ce del Crudo se-o fero e spelt lar- do-re.

An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

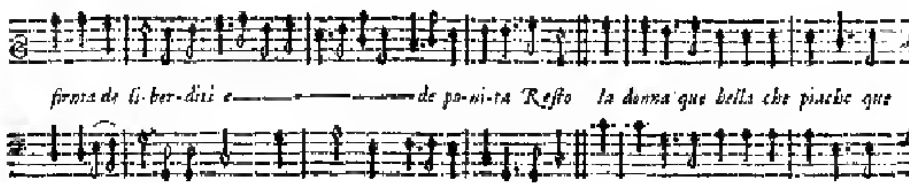
CANTAL.



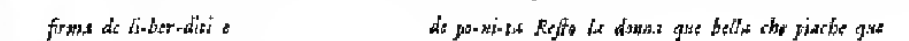
On bel se gella de se crezza le vo-ca se prende del bella bel la lingua se



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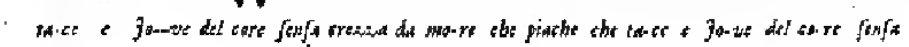
firma de li-ber-di e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



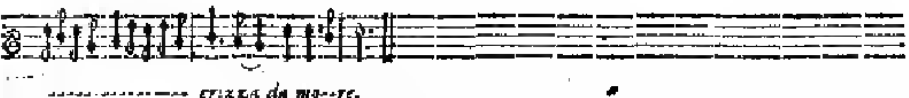
firma de li-ber-di e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



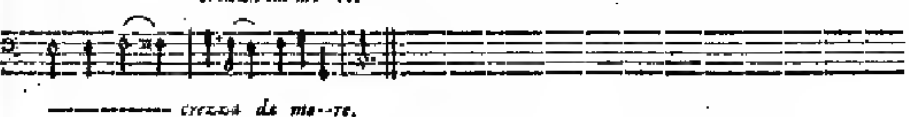
ta-cc e Jo-ue del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-cc e Jo-ue del co-re senza



ta-cc e Jo-ue del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-cc e Jo-ue del co-re senza



crezza da mo-re.



crezza da mo-re.

Here endeth the AYRES for One or two Voyces
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.